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FEBRUARY 15, 1974

LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR NIXON?
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
– see page 225

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

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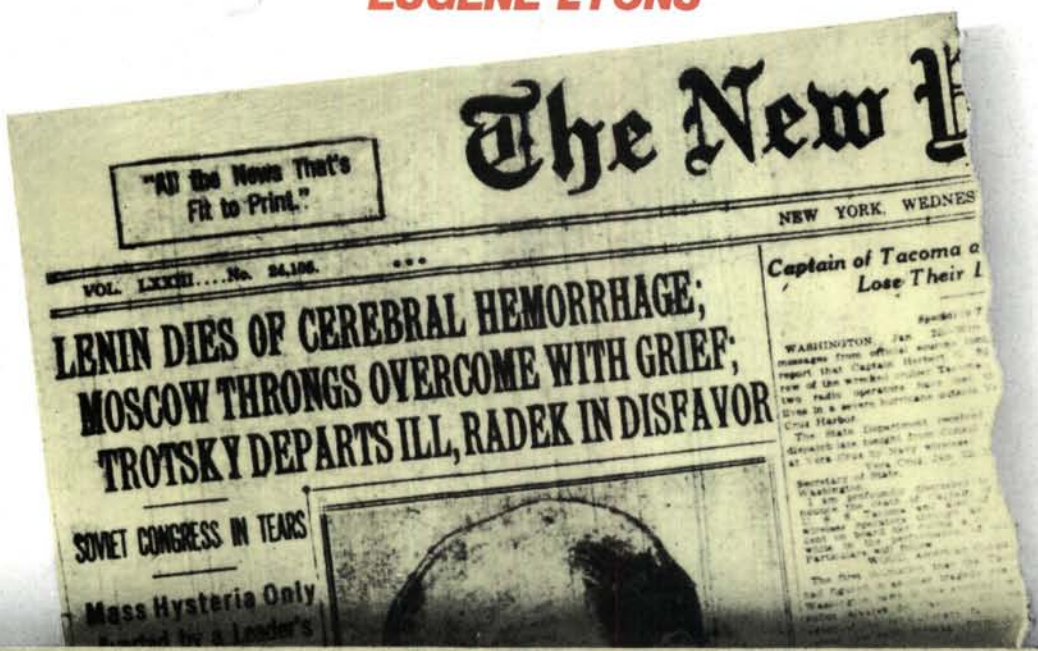
JOHN LUKACS
EUGENE LYONS



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In Formal Proclamation He Calls the Nation to Mourn.

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With Mrs. Coolidge, He Drive From Church to S Street House and Leaves Cards

WAR PRESIDENT'S END CAME PEACEFU

His Life Ebbed Away While He S
His Heart Action Became Faint
Until It Finally Ceased.

THE DYING MAN'S BEDSIDE UNTIL THE

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ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
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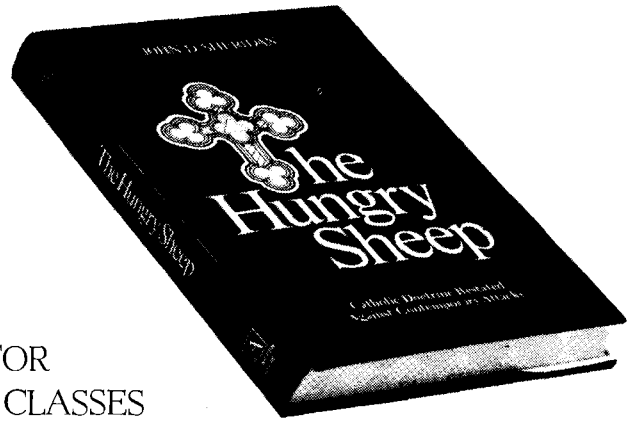
SHOULD AULD AQUINAS BE FORGOT?



Irish writer shows how the old Catholic faith can stand up—nicely—against contemporary attacks (both within and outside the Church).

"Simple faith is all very well," writes Irish novelist John Sheridan, "but it takes a heavy battering in days when attacks come from within the Church as well as from without." So Mr. Sheridan sets out to show today's Catholic "the reasons for the faith that is in him." He first reviews the questions that divide all believers (not only Catholics) from agnostics and atheists: the roots of knowledge, the reality of man's spiritual soul, original sin, man's special creation, the existence of God, the moral law, free will, the problem of evil. Next he probes the positions that divide Catholics and other Christians from most of their fellow men: the divinity of Christ, the cult of sensuality, the horrors of abortion, "kneeling before the world," and the four last things: death, judgment, heaven and hell. Finally, Mr. Sheridan explores the unique Catholic stance on the primacy of Peter, Church authority, contraception, and the place of Mary.

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXVI, NO. 7 FEBRUARY 15, 1974

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we present appraisals of Lenin and Wilson, who died exactly 50 years ago. We published an excerpt from **John Lukacs**' last book, *The Passing of the Modern Age*, some time back. His next book, *The Last European War*, will be brought out by Doubleday later this year. **Eugene Lyons**, who needs little introduction to *NR* readers, was UP correspondent in Moscow in the early post-revolutionary years. He arrived a sympathizer of Bolshevism and left to write *Assignment in Utopia*, a tale of disillusionment. Mr. Lukacs assesses what Lenin and Wilson actually accomplished, as against what they hoped to accomplish. Mr. Lyons brings an Alfred Hitchcock flavor to his musings on who or what it is that is being venerated in the great porphyry mausoleum on Red Square. . . . From Peking, Turkish Ambassador **Nuri Eren**, long-time Turkish envoy to the UN, writes: "In the two decades I lived in your country, I became very concerned with the wrong impression of Americans received by those abroad." Mr. Eren finds life in Peking relaxing, freed as he is there of "the daily pontifications and vituperations [of America] in the *Post*." . . . **Harold O. J. Brown**, an associate editor of *Christianity Today*, discusses how the new morality, or lack of same, has undermined support for the Administration among evangelical Protestants. . . . And **Nika Hazelton**, having warned in this very issue of the perils of European travel (prices are up and porters are down), has betaken herself on a wintry wonderland working vacation in Lapland.

—PLB

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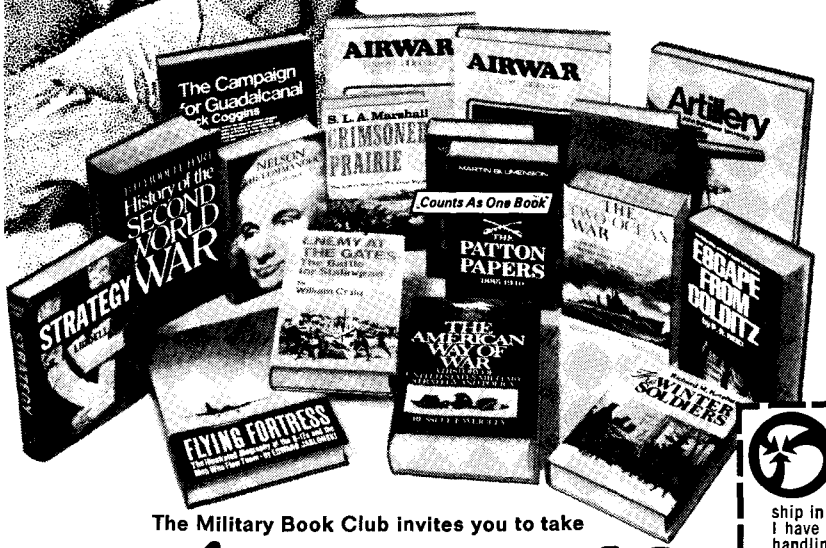

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Letters

Inside Hugh Hefner

I approached M. J. Sobran Jr.'s article on *Playboy* ["The Sage and Serious Doctrine of Hugh Hefner," Feb. 1] with some trepidation. Sexual mores are very tricky to discuss: you cannot ignore a publication that has had such an enormous impact on American society, but a superficial treatment would be worse than ignoring it.

In fact I had no reason to worry. Mr. Sobran's insights are as penetrating as his writing is brilliant. He makes it clear that what separates *Playboy* from the old-fashioned girlie mags is that it has no excuse for not knowing better. It has published some of the best writers in the world. The editors should have been able to learn from these writers wherein they outrage Western civilization by sandwiching them in between Barbi, Gloria, et al.

Mr. Sobran is obviously no prude—which makes his indictment that much stronger. He does not merely say, "Look, Maude, a nekkid woman," but realizes, and explains, that it is the combination of the "philosophy" and the naked women that makes *Playboy* different—and dangerous.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Mr. Sobran is cockeyed. What he forgets is that *Playboy* provides an outlet for millions of shy young men.

New York, N.Y. MBN

One British View

Mr. Ferdinand Mount's article, "A British View of Watergate" [Jan. 18], shown to me by the American friends whom I am visiting, was more than a delight to read. It was what I wish I could say had been my own opinion, a clearheaded cousin to my own muddled thoughts.

However, may I point out that, as the title implies but you do not emphasize in your introduction, Mr. Mount's article is unfortunately "*A* British View of Watergate." In fact it is a *minority* British view. Most of our press takes a view more similar to that of your *Washington Post* and *New York Times*; and in England, as I suspect in most countries, popular opinion on foreign affairs is formed almost exclusively by the press.

EVELYN WARRINGTON

Shrewsbury, England

Le Défi Continental

Ah, *ces Anglo-Saxons* are incapable of writing about "Continentals," particularly about the French, without a mixture of the provincial's shyness and the contempt of a master race. Would you, for example, guess from Aram Bakshian's review of a Balzac biography ["Son et Lumière," Jan. 18] that Balzac is the world's greatest novelist, a writer and psychologist considerably superior to Cervantes and Shakespeare, in the class of Homer, Dante, and Goethe? For Mr. Bakshian he is "greasy." Would you conclude, after reading Ferdinand Mount's review of a book on de Gaulle in the same issue ["Misunderstanding de Gaulle"] that the General was the man who had set into motion Europe's slow, all too slow, emancipation from superpower tutelage? That he was the first to understand, and dare state, that American protection, like all military promise, is unreliable, that the Common Market is just that, a market, and that nations in prolonged need of alien shields are not worthy of survival? Some time ago I criticized Peter Witonski's exaggerated praise of de Gaulle's style in the *Memoirs*, and I believe that as President-General he deserved the firing squad for separating Algeria from France. But we would never guess from the Crozier-Mount treatment the importance of the man, nor, for that matter, the specific weight of post de Gaulle Europe in the world.

Hillsdale, Mich. THOMAS MOLNAR

Carry Me Back

It was a pleasure to read Richard Obenshain's "Direction for the South?" [Nov. 9]. We did not know that he was chairman of the Republican Party in Virginia.

Until three years ago we were residents of that state and remember Dick's appearances on TV during the Sixties and were impressed with his enthusiasm and outstanding ability as a speaker. Therefore we believe the Republican Party in Virginia is in good hands.

Borger, Tex. ELISABETH STEVENS CAIN

Reagan's Proposal

I'm no expert on economics but don't have to be to appreciate Ronald Reagan's frustration upon realizing what the people of California turned down on November 6

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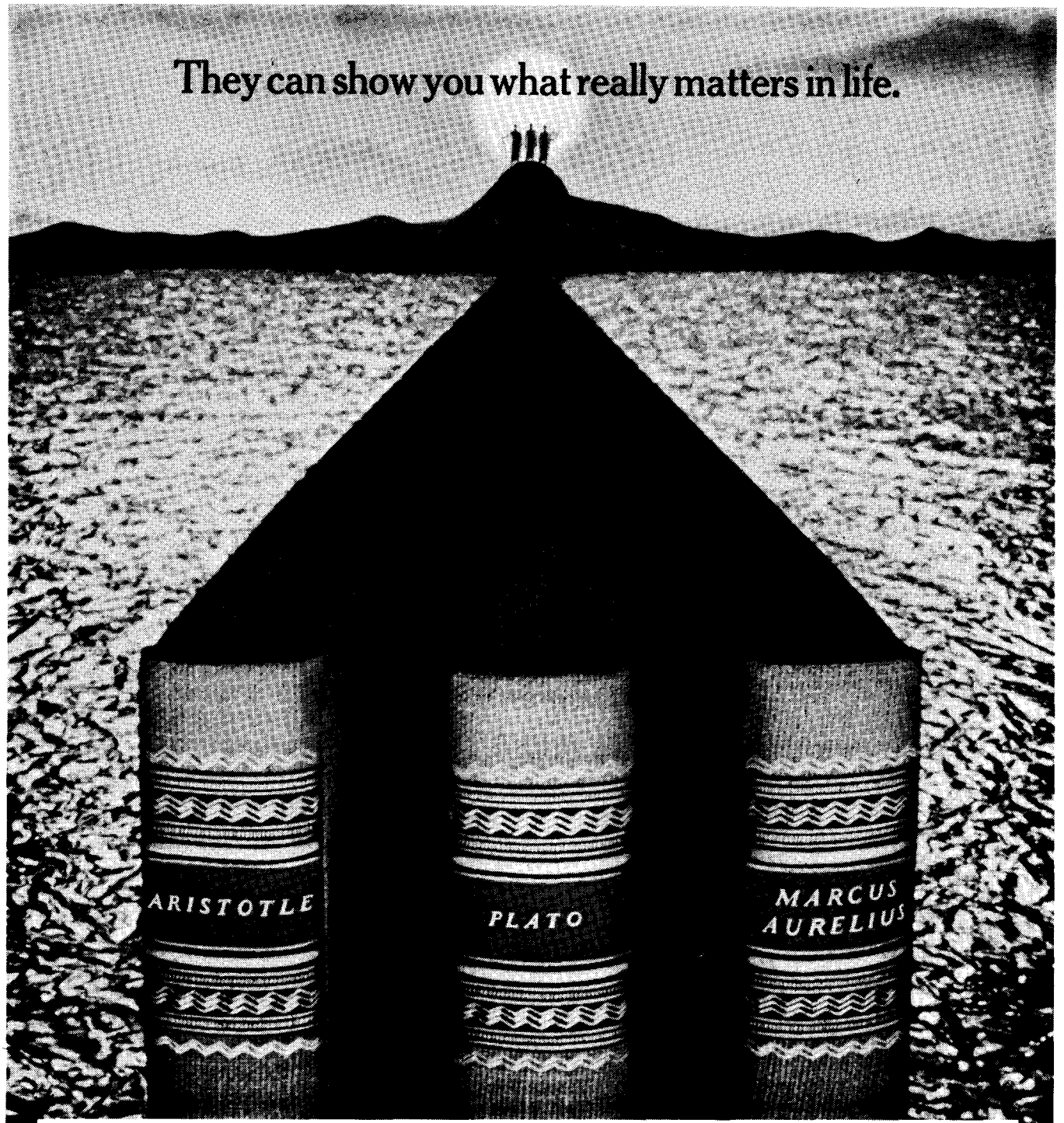

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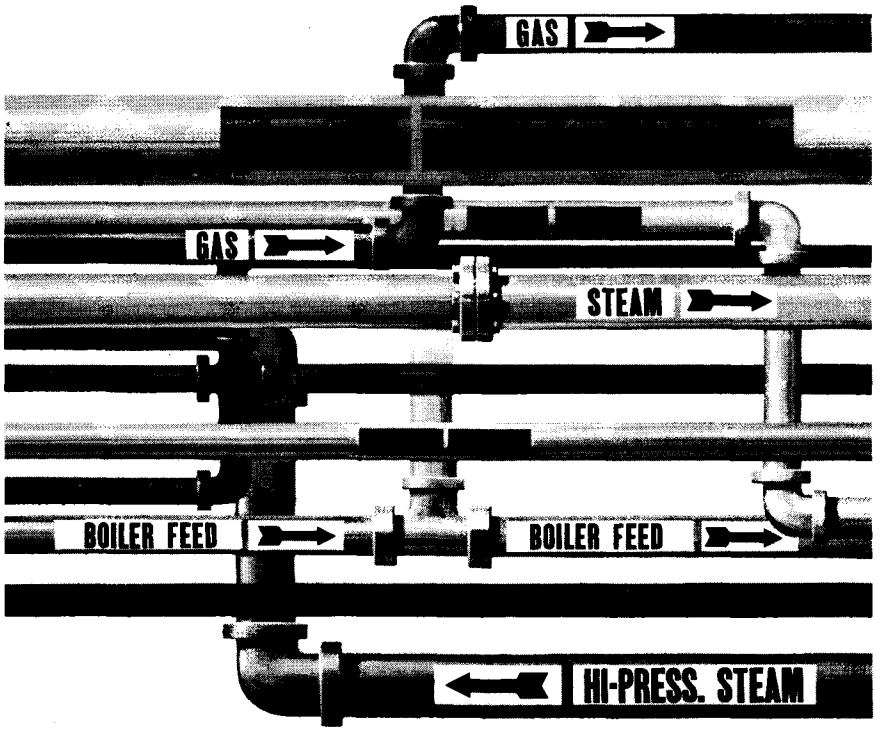

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73-18

["Reflections on the Failure of Proposition #1," Dec. 7]. It's interesting to speculate on what might be the result if reprints of his *NR* article could be distributed to all California voters and those who, in confusion, stayed away from the polls.

It is frightening for us ordinary citizens that the proponents of Big Government/Big Spending can mount the type of hysterical countercampaign which was responsible for the defeat of Proposition #1.

Tuckahoe, N.Y. RITA BOSCIA

After reading Gov. Reagan's fine article on the Failure of Proposition #1, I feel he omitted an important observation. The city, county, and state employees were given election day off from work, which I believe is true of all state elections. I feel this bloc of votes, plus that of the "free loaders," could very well have been a deciding factor.

Santa Ynez, Calif. MRS. F. J. CHASE

Whether taxes are too high and should be reduced now (before the next presidential campaign) was not the issue. The issue was simply: would Proposition #1 deliver what Reagan was promising?

Obviously, the voters did not believe it would. I don't know how other voters arrived at their belief. I reached my own by reading the initiative measure—every confusing word of the long-winded and involved document. I was appalled at the complexity of the calculations that were supposed to set a limit to the income (and, consequently, the expenditures) of the state. I was scared when I read the exceptions lurking in the lines of the amendment. I came to the conclusion there was no guarantee that local taxes would not be raised to meet unregulated local needs. I shuddered when I realized that the already overly long constitution of California was to be cluttered with the verbiage of Proposition #1, which no one, not even Reagan, can adequately explain.

Aptos, Calif. THEODORE E. SCHULZ

Dying Boston

Congratulations to Francis Russell for his excellent article "Living and Dying in Boston" [Nov. 23].

I had lived in Mattapan for 21 years up until I moved this year in August. The neighborhood of my childhood was a lively, vibrant place the likes of which will never be seen again here.

However, I must vigorously take issue with one of Mr. Russell's points: he says that the Boston Banks Urban Renewal Group (BBURG) had acted with the "best of intentions." Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mattapan was chosen by BBURG for two self-serving reasons, the first of which was that Mattapan was predominantly Jewish. The bankers and realtors knew that little, if any, violent opposition would

(Continues on page 175)

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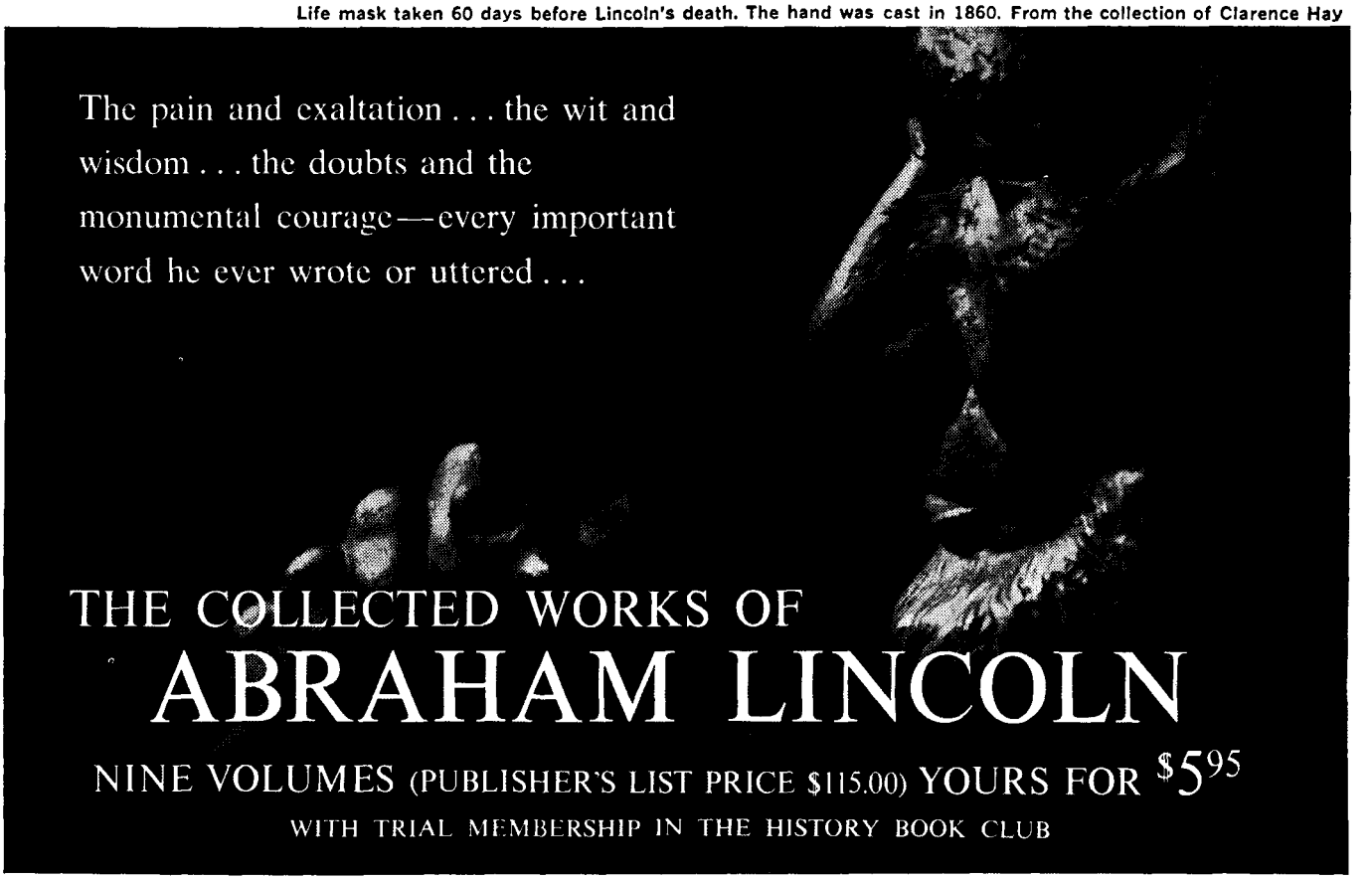
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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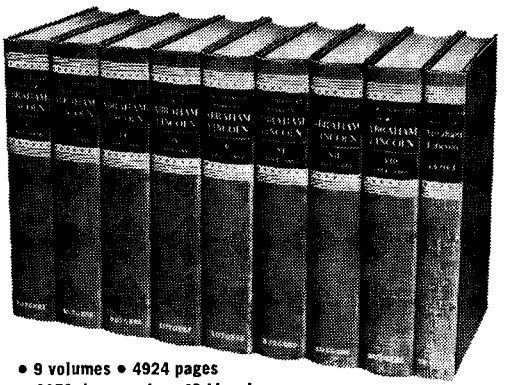

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Some things your kids can see on TV in the next two months. And some things they can't.

Children watch lots of television.

Most watch it for fun. But they can also find many hours of enrichment and information, too.

Like most television programs, the ones for youngsters are generally supported by advertising. But commercials in programs designed primarily for children must meet special standards—the guidelines of the broadcasters' Television Code.

Here are some don'ts from the Code: Children can't be shown risking harm. And they can't be told to ask their parents to buy things for them. Ads mustn't mislead. And they mustn't confuse young viewers or cause dissatisfaction by comparing one toy with another. Program hosts can't sell to youngsters during their programs, and famous people whom kids admire can't endorse items. Products must not be overglamorized, but shown as they are. Words like "just" or "only" can't be used to make prices seem attractive. And if a doll's clothes or batteries for a toy must be bought separately, the ad can't hide that fact. Medical remedies can't be sold in or near children's programs.

The Code is one way broadcasters meet their responsibilities to youngsters.

Another way is with programs that are entertaining and enriching for children and for the family.

The selective viewer will find an ample range of choices in the list below.

The Baboons of Gombe. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Friday, Feb. 1 (8-9 pm).

It's A Mystery, Charlie Brown; There's No Time for Love, Charlie Brown. Friday, Feb. 1 (8:30-9 pm); Sunday, March 17 (7:30-8 pm).

What's the Supreme Court All About? The Court's role explained for the young. Saturday, Feb. 2 (12-12:30 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Friends for Life; Tony and the Tick-Tock Dragon; Tymancha's Friend; Tjorven, Batsman and Moses; Giant Eel; Jumping Over Puddles; Mr. Horatio Knibbles. Saturdays, Feb. 2, 9, 16; March 2, 9, 16, 30 (1-2 pm).

NBC Religious Specials. Discovery; A Peculiar Treasure. Sundays, Feb, 3, 17 (5-6 pm).

Cinderella. Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Sunday, Feb. 3 (7:30-9 pm).

The Migrants. CBS Playhouse 90—Tennessee Williams drama of poor farm workers. Sunday, Feb. 3 (9-10:30 pm).

The Little Mermaid. Hans Christian Andersen, animated. Monday, Feb. 4 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Seuss. Horton Hears a Who; The Lorax. Mondays, Feb. 4; March 25 (8:30-9 pm).

The Country Girl. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Clifford Odets drama starring Jason Robards, Shirley Knight Hopkins, George Grizzard. Tuesday, Feb. 5 (8:30-10 pm).

The Man Who Changed the Navy. Profile of Admiral Elmo Zumwalt. Tuesday, Feb. 5 (10-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Rookie of the Year; Cyrano. Wednesdays, Feb. 13; March 6 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Thursday, Feb. 14 (8-9 pm).

The American Music Awards. Public's choice of jazz, rock and pop. Tuesday, Feb. 19 (8:30-10 pm).

It's Good To Be Alive. GE Theater—Based on life of Roy Campanella. Friday, Feb. 22 (9-11 pm).

Today is Ours. CBS Festival of the Lively Arts for Young People—Poems of the Black Experience. Saturday, Feb. 23 (1-2 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley. Sunday, Feb. 24 (6:30-8:30 pm).

Beneath the Bottom of the World. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Documentary on world under Antarctic ice. Thursday, Feb. 28 (8-9 pm).

Hello, Dolly! Musical "Matchmaker." Thursday, Feb. 28 (8 pm-Conclusion).

Heidi. With Maximilian Schell, Jean Simmons, Michael Redgrave, Jennifer Edwards. Wednesday, March 6 (8-10 pm).

Pueblo. Hal Holbrook in drama on naval incident. Thursday, March 7 (9-11 pm).

Marlo Thomas and Friends in "Free to Be . . . You and Me." Monday, March 11 (8-9 pm).

Portrait: Harry Truman. Incident in life of the late President. Monday, March 11 (10-11 pm).

Living With Elephants. Documentary on Tanzania. Wednesday, March 13 (8-9 pm).

The Execution of Private Slovik. Only GI executed for desertion since Civil War. Wednesday, March 13 (8:30-11 pm).

The World You Never See. Natural marvels in photomicrography. Thursday, March 14 (8-9 pm).

The Big Cats. National Geographic Society—Studies major felines near extinction. Friday, March 15 (8-9 pm).

The Merchant of Venice. ABC Theatre—British National Theatre production, starring Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright. Saturday, March 16 (8:30-11).

We, the Women. The American Parade—Progress of women in America. Sunday, March 17 (8-9 pm).

6 Rms Riv Vu. Broadway comedy with Carol Burnett, Alan Alda. Sunday, March 17 (9-10:30 pm).

The White Collar Worker. Changing status of office workers. Sunday, March 17 (10-11 pm).

American Film Institute Salute to James Cagney. Tribute to one of filmdom's legends. Monday, March 18 (9:30-11 pm).

The Energy Crisis: American Solutions. Explores new methods, sources. Thursdays, March 21, 28 (10-11 pm).

The Red Pony. Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara in Steinbeck's story. Friday, March 22 (8-10 pm).

The Selfish Giant. Oscar Wilde story, animated. Monday, March 25 (8-8:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. A. A. Milne story in animation. Tuesday, March 26 (8-8:30 pm).

Blizzard at Hope Bay. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—The crew faces Antarctic winter. Sunday, March 31 (7:30-8:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency+4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Special Edition

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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come from a Jewish community, and they were proved correct. The second reason was that in Mattapan most of the home owners had already paid off their mortgages and the mortgages remaining were at low interest rates. The banks were simply not earning any money from Mattapan. They saw an opportunity to give large, long-term mortgages with high interest rates, many of which would be defaulted on, with the FHA paying them off on their guarantees immediately.

If I hadn't lived through the horror show in Mattapan I wouldn't have believed it could happen.

Dedham, Mass. EDWARD RYMAN

C. S. Lewis Society

Re the letter from Mrs. John Kirkpatrick ["Letters," Jan. 4], if there is a C. S. Lewis Society, I want to know more about it. As a longtime Lewis fan (since middle 1950s), I think possibly it is for me, and I for it. How do I find out?

Columbia, S.C. LAWRENCE W. COBB

Yes, the C. S. Lewis Society does indeed exist. It holds meetings once a month in New York City and publishes a monthly Bulletin, which reports on the meetings and carries short articles, news items, letters, and the like. For more information, write to the secretary, Mrs. John Kirkpatrick, at 466 Orange Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511. —ED.

Homage to Leo Strauss

NR honored itself by honoring the memory of my friend and colleague Professor Leo Strauss ["The Achievement of Leo Strauss," Dec. 7]. He was one of the few political scientists of our time who realized that the behavioral fad tends to conceive of political science as a technique for developing means to serve any stipulated end and that this in itself constitutes the value judgment of the opportunist. He knew from his experiences with both the Nazis and the Communists that unless a tolerable political order is achieved, not much else can be achieved. In the Aristotelian tradition he therefore assigned to the political scientist a role, for which but few political scientists of our age have the necessary experience and training, the role of adviser in man's quest for a healthy society.

In Leo Strauss the Western world has lost one of its rare genuine thinkers.

New York, N.Y. JOSEPH HALEVI DUNNER

Suicide of the West

The bleak national defense picture James Burnham describes [Oct. 26] is but the tip of a very large iceberg.

There has occurred a 25 per cent erosion in NATO strength in the last five years while the number of Soviet divisions

(Continues on page 223)

Even Nixonomics Couldn't Phase The '73 Bull Market in Silver or Silver Coins.

In periods of persistent and explosive inflation, people throughout history and in every country of the world turn to what has traditionally retained its value during economic confusion and chaos, a form of exchange valuable in and of itself. Silver and gold. Although the U.S. Federal Government has irresponsibly increased the money supply and incurred a national debt exceeding $450 billion, until recently the American people hadn't begun to lose faith in the dollar—even though the rest of the world rushed to exchange dollars for precious metals as fast as they could. But the continued devaluation of the dollar has opened many eyes to economic reality.

In the past twelve months alone the price of silver rose 76%. Knowledgeable investors in silver coins, either on a cash outright basis or on margin, expect their value to continue to rise *at inflation-beating rates through this* decade and well into the 1980's. In January 1973 the cost of a bag of U.S. silver coin was $1450—now (January 1974) it's $2600. Eastern States Monetary Exchange believes the bull market in silver coins has a long future ahead of it, for the following reasons:

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Very simply, the value of silver coins keeps going up because an inflation-proof metal has been made into a recession-proof coin and the world demand for the metal always exceeds its supply.

Eastern States Monetary Exchange now makes it possible for you—whether you are in the middle or upper income brackets—to protect your savings and assets from inflation, without sacrificing their liquidity. Investing in silver coins no longer means tying your funds up in an esoteric market and suffering through extensive paperwork delays when you either buy or liquidate. Eastern States Monetary Exchange guarantees same day confirmation and 5 day settlement period upon liquidation.

Naturally, the price of silver coins fluctuates from day to day, in accord with immediate market conditions. With the professional advice of Eastern States Monetary Exchange, the informed investor can profit from these fluctuations in the short run.

As is clear from our analysis of the future of silver coins however, a person wanting a secure and lucrative long-range investment, free from worry, would also be wise to allocate some of his assets to silver coins.

Assess the situation in detail for yourself. Eastern States Monetary Exchange offers many different ways of investing in silver, silver coins, and numismatic gold.

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The amazing story

It was made in England in the eighteenth century and it cracked the very first time it was rung on these shores. Yet for soldier and citizen it has remained an enduring symbol of Liberty and Freedom in the new republic. Read on about the Liberty Bell and about a rather shrewd investment some twentieth century Americans are making in it.

IN 1751, the Province of Pennsylvania had a policy of individual freedom that much influenced the other colonies. It was fitting that when the Assembly of the Province decided to order a bell, they asked that on the bell's shoulder be inscribed the biblical phrase from Leviticus XXV. 10 "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Thomas Lester's Whitechapel Foundry in London was chosen to cast the bell and in September 1752, it arrived in America. Philadelphians gathered in the State House yard to hear it ring out. It cracked, however, upon the first strike, perhaps due to mishandling by amateur colonial bell hangers, eager to hear it. In 400 years, it was to be the only bell from Whitechapel's to have so cracked. "Two ingenious workmen", John Pass and John Stow recast it, but Norris did not like its tone and had it recast a second time. It was then hung in the State House tower; and for the next twenty years, it would ring out on the burning issues of the day. It loudly proclaimed the coronation of George III but was muffled as it sadly tolled the "death of liberty" when the Stamp Act was enforced in 1765.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

On June 1, 1774, the bell was again muffled and tolled in sympathy with the people of Boston on the closing of their port. Following receipt of tidings of the Battle of Lexington, April 25, 1775, the bell called together 8,000 people (by computation) who assembled in the State House yard and agreed, unanimously, "to associate for the purpose of defending with arms, our lives, liberty and property against all attempts to deprive us of them."

The supreme effort of the bell to proclaim liberty was next in order. The historic second session of the Continental Congress was already underway, and the final break with Great Britain only a matter of weeks, perhaps days. The resolution sponsored by Richard Henry Lee was presented June 7, 1776, declaring "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved;" In the interval, a special committee had been appointed to draft a formal statement. The Lee resolution was agreed to July 2, and the Declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson, after revision in the committee of the whole, adopted July 4. Then, on July 8, 1776, the bell rang to summon the patriots for the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence, which had been adopted four days earlier by the Continental Congress. The bell was now part of American history. The birth of an Independent Republic, the seed of a world power, was an accomplished fact. The old State House Bell, as it was then called, was now to "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," to ring out independence, to have its sequel taken up in every town and hamlet, to set in motion a never-ceasing force against tyranny and oppression.

Before the advent of the second anniversary of liberty, the bell again added a dramatic chapter to its history. The echoes had not died away when it was realized the British army, under General Howe, was uncomfortably near Philadelphia. With the threat of British occupation of Philadelphia in 1777, the State House Bell, which had now become the Liberty Bell, was removed from the city to prevent it falling into British hands to be made into cannons along with the other city bells.

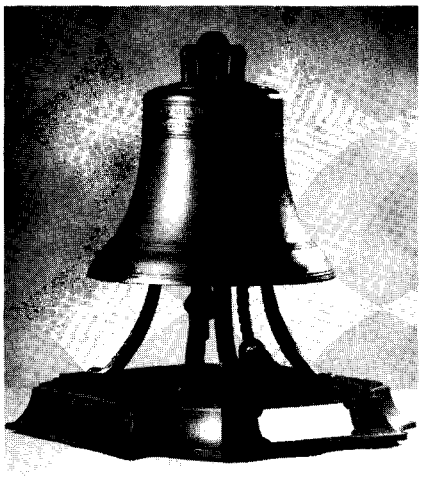
The Liberty Bell, and the ten other bells in the city, were loaded onto wagons which joined a 700 wagon train of refugees fleeing Philadelphia. The tradition has been handed down "that John Jacob Mickley hauled the bell fifty miles away to Bethlehem, where his wagon broke down; whereupon it was transferred to Frederick Leaser's wagon, who brought it on to Allentown." On arrival, the bell was hidden below the floorboards of the Zion Reformed Church for almost a year and returned to Philadelphia in the summer of 1778 when the British withdrew. Since then, it has pealed forth great news. It sang out, loud and clear, from Cornwallis' surrender in 1781, until it cracked permanently in 1835. It has been cautiously rung many times since with a rubber mallet. In 1944, on D-Day, its muffled sound was broadcast over network radio.

IN COMMEMORATION

To commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in 1976, the famous Whitechapel Bell Foundry of London (the same bellmakers who cast the original Liberty Bell) is casting a limited number of Bicentennial Liberty Bells to the original design and on the original site. The purchase price of the replica in the oxidized black finish (the same color as the 1752 bell) is $875. In polished bronze it is $925 . . . in .999 Silver plate it is $990 and in 22 karat gold plate it is $1365. These prices include duty, special crating, insurance and overseas shipment to the U.S.A.

The Bicentennial bells are exact in every particular to that cast in 1752 by Whitechapel's master founder, Thomas Lester, for the State House of Pennsylvania (now called Independence Hall). The Whitechapel Bell Foundry was founded in 1570 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. Many of its earliest bells are still in existence, including two bells at Westminster Abbey cast in 1583 and 1598. Among the recent bells from Whitechapel are those of Washington Cathedral, hung in 1964. The bells of Big Ben, which towers over the Houses of Parliament, were also cast at Whitechapel, as were the great bell of Bow in London in 1750 and the bells of St. Clement's in 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada. Both are remembered in the old nursery rhyme, "Oranges and Lemons."

Each Liberty Bell replica is made to the scale of one-fifth of the original, weighs approximately twenty pounds and stands 15½ inches high with the base. The plinth is hand-carved from oak, grown in Windsor Forest. A silver plate mounted on the plinth is fashioned from fine old English solid silver and carries the Whitechapel signature. Also, an additional optional silver plaque will carry the personal inscription of the subscriber. The bell itself is made in the manner of the original Liberty Bell, embossed with the quotation from Leviticus XXV. 10 in type face used by the original bellfounder, Thomas Lester. The clapper, drawn into a hand grip with a tasseled cord, strikes the walls of the bell and causes it to ring a perfectly-tuned note at each stoke. Each bell has been meticulously tuned (actually five partial tones are tuned together) to its final and perfect pitch—E Flat—the same tone as the 1752 bell. The bell will have no crack! It will sing its song as magnificently as the original Liberty Bell did when Lester tested it before it left London. In this way, the ancient and historic contract between London and Philadelphia is fulfilled.



HOW TO MAKE A BELL

To make this reproduction possible, the Whitchapel Bell Foundry has incorporated and refined an ancient process which had not been used in bellmaking for over 600 years but has been used mainly to reproduce exact detail in fine metallic art work. This is the cire perdu or "lost wax" method of bellcasting, which was recorded most notably in the 12th century by the medieval monk Theophilus in his "De Diversis Artibus", but which was subsequently superseded by the "false bell" method. The principal advantage of the "lost wax" process—and an absolute essential in the making of the Bicentennial Liberty Bell—is the high quality of the resultant castings, particularly where intricate or decorative work is involved. The Liberty Bell has an inscription of 170 separate letters, and this inscription proved disappointing when cast normally at a scaled-down ratio of five to one. To

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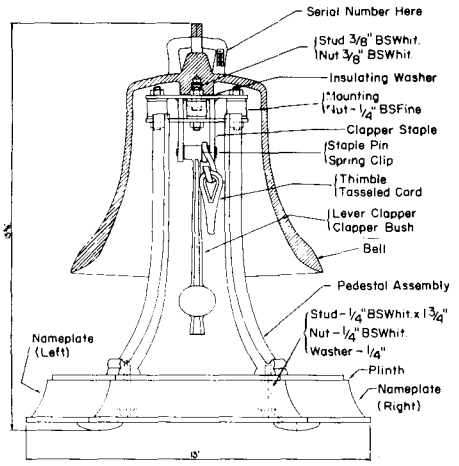
of the Liberty Bell

overcome this, and to preserve the clarity of the lettering at reduced size, the Whitechapel Bell Foundry evolved, after two years' research, a process which involved fashioning the primary pattern of the bell not in traditional clay but in wax of medieval bellmakers.

In essence, the technique at the primary stages is not dissimilar to that described by Theophilus, although now considerably refined. In short, it involves making a complete bell in wax, and then investing, or coating, this in a ceramic material.

PERFECTION OR DOOM

This ceramic material builds up very slowly in outer shell of some ten coats thickness, using a combination of first aqueous colloidal silica and then calcined china clay. This process, carried out by hand with immense care, is critical to the whole and takes about a week. Any error in the application can result in an imperfection, in which all of their exacting work is for naught, for each finished bell must be *perfect* or it is destroyed and consigned to the kiln.



The invested bell is then placed in a de-waxing furnace, which melts the original pattern, leaving only the ceramic shell—now the master pattern. This is baked at high temperature and provides the final mould from which the actual bell is then cast with molten bell metal. When the metal has cooled and hardened, the ceramic pattern is smashed away, leaving a magnificent bronze bell.

The casting, and all subsequent stages —such as tuning, polishing, and assembly —are done by conventional methods, the result being a bell of the highest authenticity. The process allows the foundry to capture the original lettering of 1752—the precise form of the letters used by Thomas Lester was checked by reference to dozens of bells cast by him and still in use in steeples all over England—while at the same time solving a secondary problem: the general surface finish is of a higher quality than is normally possible with bells of this size. Thus, these Bicentennial Liberty Bells bring together the 14th and the 18th centuries and bridge a gap that has lasted for 600 years.

MOUNTING

The mounting of the Bicentennial Liberty Bell has been carefully engineered and no detail has been spared to obtain absolute perfection. The bell is secured by a single center bolt inside its crown to a steel plate to which the jaws of the clapper staple are welded. The forged clapper swings between these jaws on a plated steel pin running in a nylon sleeve to ensure free silent action and perfect mechanical insulation. It is actuated by a silken tassel attached by a solid brass eyelet to a lever which is part of the clapper forging.

To provide the "give" necessary to insulate the bell and clapper together from the forged pedestal and oak base, and to enable it to absorb the occasional jolt in safety, the steel crown plate is connected to the pedestal through four special neoprene and rubber vibration mountings, which in turn are mounted on a steel ring which forms a common connection for the four "legs" of the pedestal. The lower ends, or feet, of these forgings are bolted through the oak plinth. In reducing a bell by scaling it down to one-fifth of its original size, the clapper must be reduced by the same scale to maintain the correct proportion; but while profiles can be scaled, "nature" cannot and the miniature clapper would not bring out the rich tone of the bell. This problem was overcome by introducing into the striking face of the clapper forging a "plug" made from a special type of nylon, which backed up by the weight of the clapper bell, ensures that the bell gives its full tonal resonance.

MADE TO ENDURE

Theophilus, writing on the intricacies of bell founding, stated "that the craft requires *not* indolent workmen, but keen dedicated men, for fear the bell be spoiled at some point in its manufacture." Whitechapel has ensured that nothing has been spared in the design and making of the Bicentennial Bells and their mountings and has fully maintained the ancient traditions of its craft. These bells have been made to *endure*. With proper care, there is no reason why they should not ring in the tercentary and quadricentary celebrations of these United States. Every bell is fully guaranteed—against any defect. And they are guaranteed *never* to crack!

Only 2,400 bells will be cast—each bell thus symbolically representing a separate month of independence. WHEN THE LIMITED EDITION IS COMPLETED, THE MASTER MOULD WILL BE DESTROYED. Only a limited number of Americans will ever have the privilege of owning one.

A PRUDENT INVESTMENT

Although the bells have been available but a relatively short time, more than 800 have already been snapped up by collectors, businesses, universities, and private individuals. Indeed a bell, purchased from one of the earlier castings, would already bring almost 23 percent more in resale at the established price.

While there are no direct comparisons, it is interesting to chart the continuous growth in value of certain other limited editions during recent years. The Winston Churchill Commemorative Medal struck in London in 1965 increased in value by 80 percent within two years. Perhaps the record is held by a pair of Dorothy Doughty quail, issued by the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company in 1940 as part of a limited edition, which fetched about $50,000 in a spirited auction recently. To take a more ordinary example, a porcelain figure of Princess Elizabeth, part of a 1947 limited edition, sold for $280 each, is now valued at over $4,000.

GOOD TO GET – GOOD TO GIVE

Of the over eight hundred bells thus delivered, each has been received with absolute satisfaction. Historical Societies, Foundations, Businesses, Churches, Museums, even Government Agencies, have been, without exception, well pleased. So, too, have the most finicky of private collectors. A number of generous subscribers have ordered the bells for the purpose of donating them to Universities, Colleges, and Museums. Some subscribers order one for themselves (and their families) and another to donate. Such a gift will be long-remembered.

If you wish to order a bell, we urge you to send your deposit at once to avoid disappointment. Since less than 1,400 replicas remain and the total readership of this publication is estimated to be more than half a million, we must insist on the following terms; orders will be honored strictly on the basis of time of receipt, and we cannot guarantee early delivery of any order received after Jan. 31, 1974.

To commission the casting of a bell, simply make your check payable to "Liberty Bell Limited Edition" for $875; or, if you prefer, just send a $100 deposit. Mail your check to H. L. Sturges and Sons, Inc., 160 Old Derby Road, Hingham, Mass. 02043, the exclusive representatives for Whitechapel in America. Upon receipt of your order, you will be promptly informed in writing of the reservation of the casting of your bell. Each bell is fully and unconditionally guaranteed. They are not available in stores—nor will orders from stores be accepted.

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Signature _____

Name (Please Print) _____

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City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

☐ **Payment in full is enclosed**
☐ **$100 deposit enclosed**
☐ **I desire a special inscribed silver plaque**

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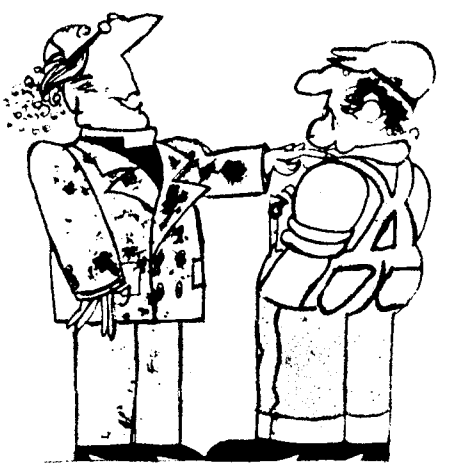
FOR THE RECORD

■ New Left Reprise: Actress **Jane Fonda** and husband **Tom Hayden**, of the Chicago 7, off on month long campaign to get congressmen to take the "Indochina peace pledge," i.e., to oppose all "non-humanitarian aid to the puppet Saigon regime," as the *Daily World* explains it. . . . **Marlon Brando** turned up in St. Paul for the trial of **Dennis Banks** and **Russell Means** (Wounded Knee), announced that "those really on trial are the American people—the American conscience," and departed. . . . Defense counsel at Wounded Knee is former radical New York City Congressman **Mark Lane**, leading advocate of the "Kennedy assassination was a right wing plot" school. Lane says key witnesses are afraid to testify in the case because of the "atmosphere of terror that exists on the Pine Ridge Reservation." . . . **William Kunstler**, the other major defense lawyer in St. Paul, had to rush back to New York where the grievance committee of the NYC Bar Association has filed disciplinary charges against him as a result of his conviction on contempt of court count in the Chicago 7 case. . . . An official of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration has testified before a congressional committee that no fewer than 750 members of **Timothy Leary**'s Brotherhood of Eternal Love have in recent years been identified as drug handlers and smugglers. . . . And on Feb. 10, **Daniel Ellsberg** will receive SANE's annual Eleanor Roosevelt Peace Award. . . . **Richard Bucklin**, sentenced to 15 months at hard labor for desertion, mad he wasn't allowed to call la Fonda, **Benjamin Spock** as trial witnesses.

■ It's reliably reported that White House counselor **Melvin Laird**, now stepping down, has told intimates that there are more damaging revelations to come, and he should know. Laird does not believe, however, that the House will vote impeachment. He thinks **Nixon** will win out on that by between 73 and 125 votes. . . . Senate Republican Whip **Robert Griffin** (Mich.), not so sanguine. Griffin told *Detroit News* last week that the damage left in the "sordid mire" of Watergate has been "incalculable." . . . The Board of Directors of the **NAACP**, in a carefully worded statement, now urges that "the process of impeaching the President go forward" and that, if warranted, "a bill of impeachment should be sent to the Senate where, with due process, the President's guilt or innocence must be fairly determined." . . . The **ACLU**, less moderate by far, has set up an "impeachment speakers bureau" which will provide speakers for interested clubs, organizations, and groups. . . . Secretary of Labor **Peter Brennan**, noting that the **AFL-CIO**'s stand for impeachment was handed down from on high, suggests that AFL-CIO members, now torn on the subject, be polled. . . . Little noted, the fact that Judge **John Sirica** will be 70 on March 19 and must then step down as Chief Judge of the U.S. District Court. . . . **Art Buchwald**, whose columns have been about the only good thing to come out of Watergate, says the White House may announce **Bebe Rebozo**'s resignation which will be followed by a press conference "at which Nixon will discuss the appointment of a new friend."



Punch Rothco

"Three days shalt thou labour—that's a better deal than we got from God!"

■ Political comings and goings: Rep. **Howard Robison** (N.Y.) has become the 15th senior GOP congressman to announce his retirement. "It truly isn't much fun any more," he said, "particularly under the circumstances." . . . Republicans cheered that Mayor **Richard Lugar** of Indianapolis has decided to run against Sen. **Birch Bayh** in Indiana. . . . In March 19 Illinois primary for House seat now held by GOP Whip **Leslie Arends**, able conservative **Tom Corcoran** has announced. Corcoran, 34, directs staff activities of the Republican majority in the Illinois State Senate. . . . In California, Assembly Speaker **Bob Moretti**, who led the successful fight against **Ronald Reagan**'s Proposition #1, says he too will run for governor in Democratic primary June 4.

■ **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** told three French lawyers who visited him just after New Year's that he expected to be tried for publishing *The Gulag Archipelago*. "I'm not afraid. I knew the risks, but I've lived a lot," he told lawyer **Jean Michel Perard.** Solzhenitsyn says there are three more sections of *Gulag* yet to come. . . . *New York Times* reporter **Hedrick Smith**, in a rundown on Soviet penal situation, writes: "No one, however, can recall a trial in recent years where a political dissident has been found innocent." . . . **Harper & Row**, which will bring out *Gulag* in this country, says advance sales are the largest since **William Manchester**'s *The Death of a President.*

■ Good news for roguish senior citizens from the **FBI**: when you get to be 75 years old the Bureau will expunge your fingerprints from its records.

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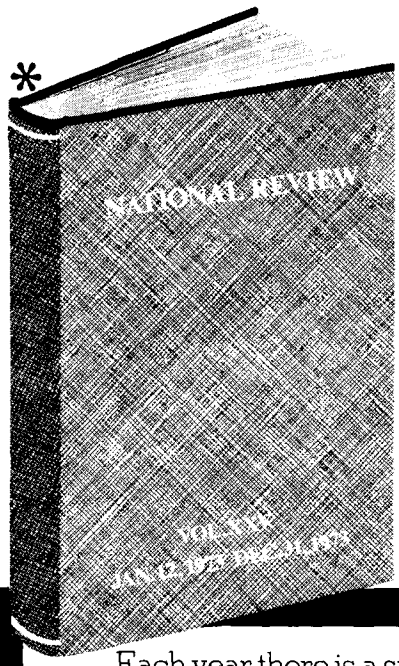

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THE WEEK

■ Cultural notes. Fort Worth: a group of uglies recently picketed an airline's office offering jobs to "goodlooking" people. Detroit: Mr. Algene Choate has sued the school board for forcing his son "to eat a sandwich with an abnormally large amount of mustard on it." Sydney, Australia and Washington, D.C.: strippers are on strike for better working conditions and not having to grind to long, fast numbers on the jukebox, respectively. Chicago: this year's curriculum at the University of Chicago includes body language, moon rocks, women, dizziness, and the Loch Ness Monster. Piraeus, Greece: Mr. Constantine Daoutis, furious that waiter Nicos Anagnostopoulos would not serve him a bowl of tripe soup, bit off the waiter's ear. Doctors in Athens who sewed Mr. Anagnostopoulos' ear back on reported that they deal with two or three such cases a year. Boston: Mr. Mordecai Swell, buttered and salted but intact, emerged from a giant popcorn popper to collect his $100 bet. Kansas City: depositors of $5,000 at a local savings and loan are offered dinner with Mr. Burt Reynolds.

■ Senator Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire has urged the Federal Trade Commission to ban some oil company ads because they are "not only disgusting but blatantly false and deceptive." To show the need for firm censorship, Senator McIntyre stated that "we are being told the shortages are the result of misguided government policies."

■ Senator Henry Jackson's record on domestic policies, although free of the fanaticism exhibited by some of his colleagues, is considerably to the welfarist and Big Labor side of what conservatives usually go for. But many conservatives have felt kindly toward him, some even to the point of including him in their early line of 1976 presidential candidates, because of the firmness and clarity he has customarily displayed in foreign policy and military affairs. However, Senator Jackson is likely to sour his conservative friends rapidly if he persists in the recklessly demagogic rhetoric with which he is running the hearings on the energy shortage. The demagogy in this case is particularly noisome because Senator Jackson knows a good deal about the oil business, and more than enough to realize how much he is misinforming the public by playing up to its annoyances and its wish for a scapegoat, and how harmful any legislation would be that embodied the vengeful emotions he is manipulating. Does Senator Jackson really believe that we have reached a point where only a demagogue can be President? And, come to think of it, have we?

■ A few weeks ago ("The Week," Dec. 21), we noted that Gore Vidal had produced an ingenious theory linking E. Howard Hunt with roughly every act of political violence since the Great War. Vidal's thesis has now been promulgated by gossip columnist Robin Adams Sloan, and dig that note of judicious caution with which Sloan launches it: "*Q:* Is there a link between Watergate's E. Howard Hunt and the JFK and George Wallace shootings?—JN, Monroe, La. *A:* There's no actual evidence, but . . ."

■ In spite of many obstacles, market forces are doing a pretty good job on the energy shortage where they have been given half a chance to work. West Germany simply let oil prices rise, thus diverting foreign oil away from countries with price controls, such as Britain, Sweden, and Italy. Panic drove prices way up for a couple of months, but prices have since fallen and gasoline in Germany is now only about 10 per cent more costly than before the crisis. Not entirely by coincidence, Germany faces the lowest inflation and highest growth rate in Europe this year. Holland, the only European nation blessed with a total embargo of Arab oil, has stopped rationing gasoline. The price of light heating oil in the Rotterdam market has fallen more than 50 per cent since early December. Sweden has also abandoned rationing. In New York, spot prices of heating oil have fallen from 72 cents a gallon in early January to 32 cents at the end of the month. Speculators are taking a beating. Faced with a probable glut of heating oil, Getty Oil has increased customer allocations from 73 to 100 per cent of 1972 levels. The Ace Fuel Corporation in New York has already cut heating oil prices, from 38.5 cents a gallon in December to 32.75 cents in late January. Other Northeastern suppliers are also cutting prices to unload the heating oil surplus resulting from government decree.

Victory at New Orleans

I own a print N. Currier produced:
Ives hadn't joined the firm. It celebrates
The afternoon Old Hickory unloosed
A blast that blew the British from the gates.
Hat doffed and horsed, the general awaits
The plaudits of a people wild with pride.
He automatically joined the greats;
Respect came naturally as the tide.
No counterculture muttered "genocide."
Nobody bombed The Hermitage that year.
His popularity was countrywide;
When touring, Jackson always got a cheer.
Until the time such sentiment revives,
Immerse yourself in Currier and Ives.

W. H. VON DREELE

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■ They didn't really raise hell, but they made their point. A handful of distinguished liberals and conservatives dubbed themselves the Ad Hoc Committee for Intellectual Freedom and demonstrated in front of the National Press Building. The object of their protest: Vladimir Vashedchemko, a Washington editor of Tass. The reason: Tass's harassment of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. The protestors included Eric Sevareid, Frank Mankiewicz, Ben Wattenberg, Richard Scammon, Milton Viorst, and three *NR* contributors: Washington editor George Will, John Lofton, and Richard Whalen. Whalen assailed Tass's pretense that it is not an instrument of the Soviet government, noting that its defense in a recent libel suit in London was its immunity as a state agency.

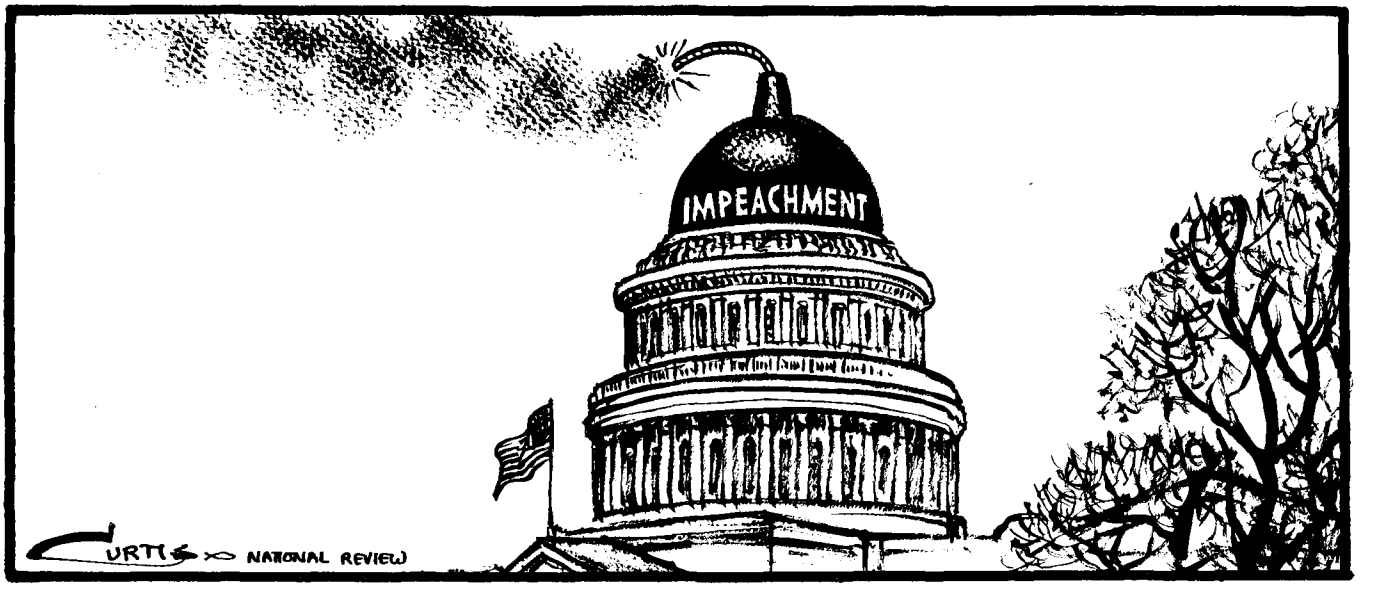
■ The English government, after the first five weeks of its austerity program, gave a company that works on important North Sea gas equipment permission to go back to a five day week. When the news was passed on to the workers, they replied that they did not want to work full time. They make up to 12 per cent more money working three days and collecting unemployment three days, besides having more leisure.

■ Planning for the energy shortage. The London *Times* reports: "A postal contraceptive service for young people who it is considered might risk conceiving an unwanted child when television closes down is to be launched by the Brook Advisory Centers."

■ En route from Moscow to Havana, Leonid Brezhnev sent a message to Richard Nixon expressing his "best wishes to you, Mr. President, to the government and to the people of the United States." On arriving at Havana airport, Brezhnev praised Cuba as "an active and respected participant in the busy life of a large family of Socialist [Communist] states," but went on to point out that capitalist countries, especially France and the United States, "have succeeded in living in peace with the Soviet Union in the nuclear age." It would be in Russia's interest to promote a rapprochement between Cuba and the United States if only to put an end to the estimated $1 million a day the Cuban alliance is costing the Soviet Union. Cuba's strategic importance to the Soviet Union is less now than it was 15 years ago, before the advent of ICBMs and spy satellites. Cuba has not been the tinderbox of Communist revolution in Latin America it was once feared it would be: Che Guevara as Hero has given way to Salvador Allende. Castro continues to breathe fire and flame, to proclaim his eternal enmity for Yankee imperialism, but his ambassadors around the world are hinting that maybe this is the time for talks, for a new look at U.S.-Cuban relations, and after all we aren't really bothered by Guantanamo. It's in the cards.

■ After hearing of a possible U.S. wheat shortage, Soviet Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade Vladimir Alkhimov kindly said it would be "no problem" for the USSR to help replenish our grain stocks. Wheat is now selling for $3.80 a bushel and it may reach $8 or more come spring. The Deputy Minister didn't quote a price but it's clear the Russians will rely on the old capitalist supply and demand method should the U.S. decide to buy. When reminded of the bargain the U.S. recently gave the Russians ($1.65 a bushel), the Deputy Minister briskly replied: "We bought the wheat at market prices. They may have been low, but look at Alaska, which we sold for $7 million back in 1867. That was cheap, too, but you don't hear us complaining."

■ The Federal Government had to abandon silver coinage in 1965, because inflation had pushed up the price to the point where it became profitable to melt the coins for bullion. Now even the lowly copper penny is headed for the same extinction. Hoard a few pennies for your grandchildren, so you can explain to them why they have to use paper coins.



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■ Maybe even paper coins aren't safe. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* announces that, owing to the high price of paper, it will henceforth charge for publishing wedding and engagement notices.

■ The Interior Department plans to plant trees and berries on its roof, as a wildlife refuge for squirrels and birdies. What this country needs is a refuge for taxpayers.

■ In Italy everything is politicized, even *Aïda*. *Opera News* reports that the winter season of the Teatro Comunale in Florence has been postponed and may have to be canceled. The problem is that the *sovrintendente* of the opera house is a Christian Democrat and the vice president a Social Democrat; thus, the artistic director must belong to the third major party in the current governing coalition, the Socialist Party. When the Socialists chose a man to fill the post, the Christian Democratic and Social Democratic unions struck. Each day the workers sign in, hold meetings—and receive full pay for closing down the house.

■ Just to cheer us up for the New Year, Senator Mark Hatfield proposed a National Day of Humiliation, Fasting, and Prayer, which proposal, we tell you truly, was duly passed on a voice vote by the nearly empty Senate. The idea went over big with columnist Garry (*J'accuse*) Wills, who, from his pulpit in *Rolling Stone*, borrowed a line from Dr. Johnson: "I'd as lief pray with Mark Hatfield as any man." *Oremus*.

■ Two Teamster organizers, Homer Mendiola and Rudolph Pili, who were allegedly beaten and shot by rival organizers from the United Farm Workers, collected several thousand dollars in out of court settlements from the UFW. The checks were signed by UFW president César Chavez a week after he accepted the Martin Luther King (Nonviolent) Peace Prize.

■ The final vote of the season gave perennial favorite War another title, but undefeated Politics jumped from Fifth to Second Horseman of the Apocalypse, while Hunger and Death each dropped a point in the standings. Dark horse Inflation rose to Fifth Horseman, followed by Plague, Television, Taxes, Literacy, and Washington, D.C. in the year-end standings.

The Changing of the Targets

On January 5, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger announced that the United States is putting into effect "a change of targeting strategies." This was the first public indication of a possible strategic shift, under consideration for several years, that may have a significance much more profound than Secretary Schlesinger's initial, rather offhand remark suggested to the unversed citizen. As Mr. Schlesinger undoubtedly intended, an active public discussion of the meaning of his announcement has already begun, and in the next months we shall be hearing from members of Congress, the arms experts, the columnists, *Pravda*, and the antiwar lobby about this mildly phrased "change in targeting strategies."

Confronting the Soviet achievement of nuclear-armed intercontinental and seaborne weapons, the United States adopted about 20 years ago what came to be called a "strategy of assured destruction," also known as "massive retaliation" and "a balance of terror." By the principles of this strategy, we renounced a "first strike capability"—the capability, that is, of launching a surprise nuclear attack that could destroy the Soviet nuclear strike force before it could be launched against us, or destroy at least enough of that force so that the remnant would be insufficient to knock us out. Instead, we sought to assure ourselves, by the number, location, power, and shielding of our intercontinental weapons, that we would have a force strong enough for a counterattack on the Soviet Union even if the Soviets should hit us with a first strike. In keeping with this defensive concept, most of our missiles were targeted on the large Soviet cities, not on the Soviet missile sites, and we drew attention to this targeting arrangement. In effect, we were communicating to the Soviet government that we had given up any idea of a first strike, since it would make no sense to launch an attack on their cities while leaving their missiles immune and poised to smash us in retaliation. We were trying to say: you can see that we are not going to pull a surprise attack on you but that we can destroy you if you pull one on us; therefore let us both keep the nuclear peace. And, whether or not this strategic policy was the reason, the nuclear peace has in fact been kept.

The change in targeting strategies means a modification, at least in some degree, of the hitherto accepted doctrine, not only in the narrowly technical sense but in the political, psychological, and moral considerations that are inevitably involved in nuclear weapons policy. Some of our intercontinental missiles—Secretary Schlesinger gave no hint how many—are being retargeted away from the cities and industrial complexes to zero in on Soviet ICBM and other military installations. Even if only a few of our missiles are affected, the change—even the mere announcement of the intention to make such a change—means a possible transformation of the entire conceptual framework in which the United States-Soviet nuclear confrontation is fitted. However, it is too soon to be sure how much of a transformation is intended.

Conceivably, this is primarily a bargaining maneuver in the SALT II negotiations. Since SALT I, the Soviet Union has been rapidly upgrading its nuclear force in power, versatility, and accuracy. By this present Pentagon publicity about missiles, we may in effect be threatening Moscow with an all-out weapons race if they persist. Conceivably, it marks the beginning of a U.S. attempt to get first strike capability, or to make Moscow wonder whether we are making the attempt. Conceivably, Moscow might *believe* we are aiming at first strike capability even if we aren't, and Moscow might react on that supposition. It is even conceivable that no fully developed new strategy is involved, and that the President and

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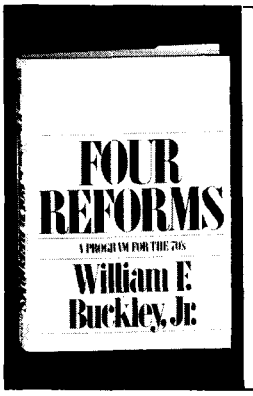
Here's what the reviewers have to say about Buckley's new book:



"It will do neither author nor reader any service to reconstruct his arguments in a review. The book is cheap, it is short, a delight to read: for a tired liberal a near approximation to a hard sweat and a Swedish massage. Read it." --Daniel Patrick Moynihan
THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"All these proposals are provocative, promising, rational...They contribute substantially to urgent debate. I only wish I really believed enough people are listening where it counts."
--Edmund Fuller
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The impression here is that Senator Henry Jackson may have helped himself with some people, but certainly hurt himself with others as a result of his televised hearings involving the executives of the seven largest oil companies. The hearings helped his public recognition and may have won him support with an inattentive public that is anxious to think the oil companies are getting a well-deserved kicking around. But a smaller, more attentive "public," composed of some reflective editors and academics, has been dismayed by the flamboyance of the hearings, and by the inability of any of the senators, Jackson certainly included, to respond sensibly to the economic evidence presented by the company executives.

■ Mr. Nixon may face an unexpectedly tough threat from Congressman Wilbur Mills. The Arkansas Democrat is not getting any less vain in his advancing years. He is getting more bored with the normal business of Congress. How to get some excitement and glory, in one fell swoop? Make the investigation of Mr. Nixon's tax returns the focus of the impeachment effort. Indeed, Mr. Mills has already been quoted as saying that the investigation of Mr. Nixon's taxes is the "real impeachment." There is no doubt (and certainly no doubt in the mind of a politician as canny as Mr. Mills) that the public resents Mr. Nixon's tax avoidance more than anything else. Mr. Mills, who is widely regarded as the Congress' leading authority on taxes, is, along with Senator Russell Long (D., La.), the leader of the joint House-Senate Committee invited by Mr. Nixon to decide if Mr. Nixon has done anything wrong in his tax returns over the past four years. If Mr. Mills wants to seize the spotlight and the initiative in the swirling Watergate affair, he can try to turn the tax investigation into a hard anti-Nixon thrust.

■ The recent antics by the Senate Watergate Committee are the spasms of a dying institution. On straight party lines, the Committee voted to hold additional hearings on the "Hughes Connection" and the "Milk Scandal." All the senators seemed to agree that the extensive staff "investigation" had failed to turn up anything new regarding either the $100,000 sent from Howard Hughes to Bebe Rebozo, or the dairy industry's campaign contributions to Mr. Nixon. But the Democratic senators reluctantly voted for more hearings to salve the ego of the Committee's chief counsel, Sam Dash. A few days later—perhaps reevaluating the importance of ego-salving—the senators decided to "postpone" (read: cancel) additional hearings. The stated reason: to avoid prejudicing trials.

■ It is not going to be easy to replace Treasury Secretary George Shultz when he leaves the Administration this spring. The economy seems headed for rocky times, and few men of stature will want to risk their reputations by taking charge of the Treasury at a time when the final authority for policy—Mr. Nixon—is more inaccessible than ever.

■ BRIEFS: More notes on the peace that won the Nobel Peace Prize: U.S. military search teams have suspended the grim, complex operation of looking for the bodies of American soldiers listed as missing in action in Indochina. The suspension came after an American was killed in a December 18 Vietcong ambush while investigating a helicopter crash sight. There are 1,060 men listed as missing in action and 1,400 others listed as dead but whose bodies have not been found. . . . Democratic insiders continue to be impressed by the zeal and skill shown by George Wallace's supporters in mastering the changing rules and procedures of the national party. They take this as additional evidence that Wallace intends to make another serious run for the nomination.

—CATO

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the Pentagon simply want, as they say, to increase the available options; specifically, to program the sort of nuclear strikes that, because they would avoid huge loss of life, might make possible and "thinkable," if Moscow accepted the same sort of restriction, a limited nuclear exchange instead of a holocaust.

In *NR*'s issue dated March 15, Senator James Buckley will explore these and other alternatives, and their possible consequences.

Egil Krogh

The statement released by Egil Krogh regarding his activities while supervising the Plumbers unit in the White House contains a number of quiet revelations. First of all, in July 1971, following the publication of the Pentagon Papers, the President entertained—and was justified in entertaining—serious fears concerning national security. Assume for a moment the perspective of that summer, *in medias res*, as it were.

Daniel Ellsberg had conveyed to the *New York Times* the material—most of it classified—known as the Pentagon Papers. Not long thereafter the *Times* also published the fallback position of the United States in the SALT talks then going on in Helsinki. Other startling leaks had occurred and would occur. Krogh: "The President wanted me to perform an urgent assignment in response to the unauthorized disclosure of the Pentagon Papers. . . . Dr. Ellsberg's extensive knowledge of classified national security information in addition to the Pentagon Papers was ascertained. . . . A damage assessment prepared by the CIA prior to establishment of [the Plumbers] reported grounds to suspect that a full set of the Pentagon Papers had reached the Soviet embassy. I was early informed that similar intelligence had been furnished by the FBI. Yet the *New York Times* had received only a partial set. This development reinforced suspicion that Dr. Ellsberg, or one of his collaborators, if any, may have had some sort of foreign involvement."

At a minimum, then, it is incorrect to trace White House concern over national security during the summer of 1971 solely to some sort of "paranoia," supposedly with roots in the personality of Nixon. The White House had no firm knowledge of Ellsberg's motives or connections, or of what he might do next. It did know that he

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had "extensive knowledge of classified national security information *in addition to* the Pentagon Papers [italics added]."

In retrospect, to be sure, Daniel Ellsberg diminishes greatly. To all appearances, he is not an "Old Left" type or likely Soviet operative. It seems clear that in 1971 he was in erratic transition to the "New Left," was becoming a "movement person," and that his most likely context was not a foreign intelligence network but a cocktail party of bra-less whole-earth-catalogue lettuce-boycotting types in Cambridge, Mass. or on Cape Cod. The Plumbers' operation vis-a-vis Ellsberg turns out to have been a case of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel—but that is a retrospective judgment. *In medias res*, Nixon's concern for national security is understandable, indeed seems to have been a responsible one.

Egil Krogh's statement also raises some difficult issues of principle. Under what circumstances is it possible to justify breaking a law on the ground of overriding national security considerations? It is not hard to imagine a set of circumstances which would indeed justify committing, for example, a burglary. Krogh now concludes that "none of the potential uses of the sought information could justify the invasion of the rights of the individuals that the break-in necessitated." Perhaps. He also recalls, however, that the principal potential use was "preventing further disclosures by Dr. Ellsberg and putting an end to whatever machinery for disclosure might have been developed." The sordid motive of discrediting Ellsberg by means of psychiatric data appears to have been secondary. Suppose, from the perspective of 1971, again, that Ellsberg had been in possession of the U.S. nuclear targeting arrangements and was capable of transmitting them to the Soviet Union. Would that have justified a break-in? Although the claim of "national security" has undoubtedly been abused by the present and former Administrations, one danger inherent in the present uproar over Watergate is that responsible and necessary concern for national security may also be discredited and timely action paralyzed.

Finally, Krogh's prison sentence. He faces six months in jail. He is obviously an intelligent individual of excellent moral character. His association with the break-in sprang from disinterested and patriotic motives. In any case, this was a first offense. That Judge Byrne should free Daniel Ellsberg, to thunderous universal applause, and that Egil Krogh should go to jail for six months, seems absurdly disproportionate.

Integration Comes to Brooklyn

Earl Warren passed through Brooklyn yesterday:
The borough will not be the same again.
A school where black and Spanish children play
Was ordered on a busing regimen.
We know the "why" by now; as for the "when,"
This March is when the busing will begin.
Look for appeals and caterwauls—and then
Mobile and Brooklyn mothers will be kin.
George Wallace must be smothering a grin
As Jacob Javits wrestles with the law.
Meanwhile, Earl Warren tunes his violin,
Anticipating visions Nero saw.
The crisis comes as Stennis said it would.
Now watch the North repeal the law for good.

W. H. VON DREELE

Twenties Revival

There is naturally a good deal of camp in the current "revival" of the 1920s and no doubt the boutiques will be featuring flapper styles where only yesterday they were purveying the modes of the revolutionary guerrilla. Nevertheless, when the latest film version of Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* opens on March 27, it will be an event of some cultural significance. It is not only the interest of the movie or his considerable attraction as a star that puts Robert Redford's handsome Gatsby on the cover of the Feb. 4 *Newsweek* or brings about the inclusion in the same issue of a gorgeous color centerfold of stills from the movie. Once again, and in various ways, the 1920s are becoming a point of reference, a "usable past" for the 1970s.

Once before, just after World War II, the 1920s enjoyed a revival. Fitzgerald had long been largely out of print. At his death in 1940 he was scarcely regarded as a serious writer at all. But after 1945, first Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley and then the entire phalanx of critics redirected attention to him. Biographies and critical studies appeared. *Gatsby* became firmly established as an American classic. And not only Fitzgerald: an entire spectrum of 1920s writers, personalities, and modes became available as imaginative points of reference. Edmund Wilson emerged from Marxism with a collection of his book reviews from the 1920s entitled *The Shores of Light*. In aesthetics generally, focus upon style replaced "social significance."

In the late 1950s, a countercurrent set in. A conscious effort was launched to replace the 1920s with the 1930s as a usable past. James Agee and Walker Evans came to the fore retrospectively with their celebration of Appalachian poverty. Hunger was rediscovered everywhere by Michael Harrington. The sensibility of the Sixties tended to reach back to the radical Thirties for a point of reference. The Kennedy promise to "get America moving again" would have been more appropriate in the mouth of FDR. The young radical activists of the Sixties were often, as has been shown, the actual offspring of Communist and other radical activists of the 1930s. By 1960, Eisenhower as President was perceived by the cutting edge of popular intellectual culture as a recrudescent Coolidge, passive and boring.

The pendulum now swings back: most of the Sixties'

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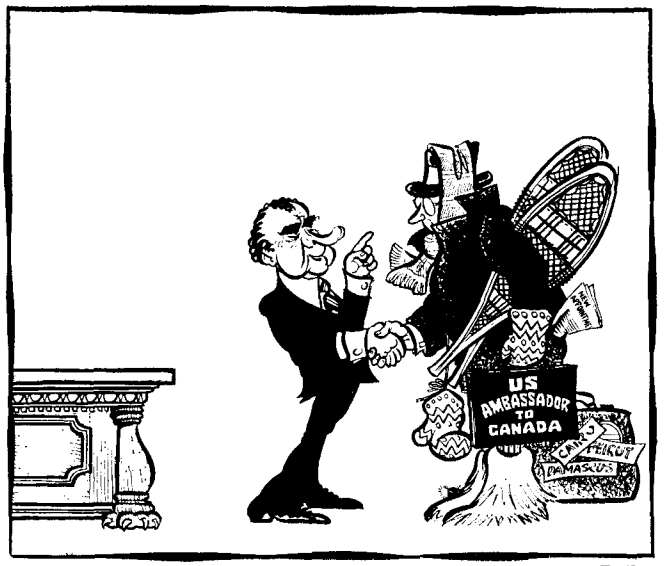

Jones, *Montreal Star* Rothco

"And then you go straight up past Vermont—you can't miss it . . ."

radicals are gone, and their revels ended. Eisenhower himself is being rediscovered by the ever alert antennae of Garry Wills and Murray Kempton. Can Calvin Coolidge be far behind? Che and Mao fade. Style comes to the fore, unbuttoned sincerity recedes; pleasure comes to the fore, moral indignation recedes. It is the summer of 1924, the music drifts toward us from that outrageous pink stucco mansion on West Egg, and the year 1930 can never come.

Victimless Crime

A federal judge, in a class action brought by the NAACP, has ordered New York City, state, and federal housing authorities—*housing authorities*—to aid in the desegregating of a Coney Island school, Mark Twain Junior High. Only 18 per cent of the students at the school are white; 43 per cent are black; 38 per cent are Hispanic. And reading standards are lower than at other schools in the district. But the students seem to like the school and are not given to raising the hell routinely expected. The school is well equipped and underused. What segregation there is (not *de facto* or *de jure*, according to Judge Jack B. Weinstein, but both) would appear to be victimless. Not so the solution.

Racial segregation in the school discourages whites from moving into the nearby housing. And racial segregation in the housing results in racial segregation in the school, which, as the judge said, results in racial segregation in the housing, which, as any fool can see, results. The Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments prohibit, respectively, federal and city and state officials from taking part in activities which produce discrimination. Therefore, said the judge, white parents must be "induced" to occupy the housing by housing officials (whose past *omissions*, in conjunction with *demographic trends*, have produced the present intolerable situation), while white students are bused into the schools (which encourages an exodus from the district of white parents)—and black students are bused out—to achieve mathematical ratios among the races which deviate no more than 10 per cent from the district's population ratios. No matter that the whites will fear for the safety of their children while they are in the school's vicinity—the judge didn't doubt they would, and even directed the Police Department to cooperate in the desegregation effort: mathematics is king. And people are integers. Next step—ordering housing authorities "to involuntarily induce" people (is that how the busing of adults will be described?) into and out of particular housing projects in order to reach proper racial proportions? The ruling will be studied for appeal.

Dick's Last Trick

As we go to press, reports are widespread that President Nixon will include in his State of the Union address a recommendation for a new version of the Family Assistance Plan, and not only a new version but one greatly expanded in coverage and escalated in cost. This latest White House move will probably cost Mr. Nixon what support remains to him among conservatives. It seems to be based on three assumptions, all of them transparently false:

1. A guaranteed annual income, or negative income tax, can be substituted for the present mixture of welfare payments, grants-in-aid for specific purposes, food stamps, and so on. In Milton Friedman's formulation, such a *substitution* is the essence of the proposal. As experience with the earlier FAP demonstrated, however, Congress will *not* abolish the present structure, or even seriously modify it. Pressure from groups with a stake in the existing system simply becomes too strong. The welfare bureaucracy is unwilling to disappear. Food producers enjoy the lush federal subsidy entailed in the food stamp program (enormously increased during the Nixon Presidency, and now heading for $6 billion annually). The grants-in-aid are associated with a whole spectrum of vested interests. It is just possible that, given a solid Republican majority in both Houses of Congress, a Friedman-type negative income tax could be substituted for the present welfare structure—a development much to be desired. Under the present circumstances the notion that this will happen is an insult to the intelligence, and the tacticians in the White House must know that it is. In practice, the new guaranteed income plan will a) be welcomed by the welfarists, b) be added to the present structure, and c) have its level of funding increased.

2. The new guaranteed income plan will buy off some of Nixon's critics and ease pressure on his removal. Not bloody likely. The *Times* and the various liberal groupings will applaud the proposal, note its cynicism, and clamor all the louder for Nixon's removal. Nixon's remaining conservative support will evaporate. During the

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Republican campaign, Nixon and his spokesmen ridiculed George McGovern's Demogrant proposals and repeatedly disavowed a guaranteed annual income; much was made of the "work ethic." In the interest of reelection and the New Majority, Mr. Nixon had quietly abandoned his previous support for FAP. The present calculation is that Mr. Nixon can go back on all that, sell out his supporters, and appease his enemies. Another brilliant White House ploy.

3. *The tax burden now borne by the American middle class is so light that we can afford vast new schemes of this character costing billions upon billions.* April 15 (what timing!) looms immediately ahead. Mr. Nixon, it will be widely noted, is not himself the most forthcoming taxpayer in the land. That he should at this juncture be proposing an inevitable tax hike for the ordinary citizen only gilds the lily, so to speak.

Conservatives and Nixon

Several hundred conservatives gathered recently in Washington, D.C. under the auspices of the American Conservative Union and Young Americans for Freedom to discuss the conservative movement, a gathering that *NR* will report more fully next week. The tenor of the meeting was highly critical of the President, and provoked a reply from the White House, delivered by presidential assistant Pat Buchanan, that conservatives were being "stampeded" into "doing the liberals' dirty work." Buchanan described Mr. Nixon as, if not a "card-carrying member of the conservative movement," at least a "sympathizer and fellow traveler."

At the dinner concluding the two day affair, Senator James Buckley, the main speaker, more accurately reflected the mood of the assembled conservatives: "It is certainly too early to say what the future might hold for Richard Nixon, but one thing can be certain: his future and ours cannot reasonably be seen as inextricably intertwined. The principles and ideals that moved Barry Goldwater to write *The Conscience of a Conservative* more than a decade ago and that generated a political movement capable of bringing us together here this evening do not depend on the political fortunes of one man—and especially one who has never fully embraced them as his own."

Freedom: Only a Mg. Away

It wasn't enough, finally, that the inhabitants of the land of the free be warned about the dangers of smoking. The government (though meanwhile continuing its subsidies to tobacco growers) required that its still disputed findings about cigarettes be prominently displayed on each package and assumed that the people, forearmed with that knowledge, would resist the temptation. But Americans just aren't that predictable. They won't, for example, use seatbelts in spite of the statistics. Few people doubt that smoking may be harmful—or even that it is harmful. Nevertheless, smoking, and the incidence of lung cancer, are up. Something must be done.

Senator Frank E. Moss (D., Utah) and the American Public Health Association will do it. They will submit a petition to the Federal Consumer Product Safety Commission to ban cigarettes containing more than 21 milligrams of tar. Twenty-seven brands are involved and they account for 15 per cent of all cigarettes sold each year. To be sure, the authority of the Commission to impose such a ban is not undisputed. And the effect of the ban would not be to eliminate a guilty brand but only to force the manufacturer to reduce its tar content. Futhermore, since the highest tar level of currently available cigarettes is 33 milligrams—the lowest offenders have 22 mgs—the uproar concerns 1 to 11 milligrams of offending tar. Is it better to smoke 20 cigarettes a day containing 21 milligrams, or 10 containing 33? Ask Senator Moss and the FCPSC. *They* know how many milligrams can dance on the head of a pin.

Accelerating Stagflation

The exasperating persistence of inflation during the recession of 1970 inspired a new phrase, "stagflation": stagnation with continuing inflation. Since the word was new, many people concluded that the phenomenon it described was also new. But the inflation of 1954-1956, for example, also failed to decline significantly during the recession of 1957-1958. Other periods of winding down from inflation show a similar pattern, though the 1970 experience was particularly pronounced because it followed the longest and strongest postwar inflation. After cost-cutting began to boost profits and productivity, however, the rate of increase in consumer prices (excluding foods) finally did decline—from over 6 per cent in the first half of 1970 to 3.5 per cent in the first half of 1971.

One popular explanation for stagflation was recently summarized by Sidney Weintraub in *Challenge* Magazine. "Inflation," says Professor Weintraub, "results when average wage and salary movements outrun economy-wide improvements in labor productivity. . . . The higher prices asked for by sellers, because of cost pressures, are reinforced by buyers having more money income to spend. . . . Some element of coercion has to be mandated to control wage-push inflation. . . . A 3 per cent average income gain would tend to stabilize the price level."

It would take quite an "element of coercion" indeed to keep pay increases at 3 per cent after a year like 1973, in which consumer prices rose by 8.8 per cent, and union wages rose by 5.8 per cent. But Professor Weintraub's lines of cause and effect are topsy-turvy. Pay increases can outrun productivity only *after* a period of inflation has led employers to expect to be able to pass on the higher costs. Sellers and workers always ask or "de-

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mand" the highest prices and wages they think the market will bear.

The correct explanation of stagflation is really quite simple: people do not adjust immediately to a sudden change in the general economic situation. Businessmen have made purchases and plans in the anticipation of being able to continue raising prices at about the same rate as they have been raising them. Workers expect to get reimbursed for the previous year's inflation, plus a little extra. When inflation is new or its rate newly increased, it does stimulate business because workers accept illusory pay increases, and lenders loan money at rates that barely keep up with inflation. But the current inflation is nearly a decade old. Inflationary expectations are stubbornly entrenched and are not apt to be changed by anything but experience—a notoriously slow teacher.

If sellers found inventories piling up at high prices, and workers found job hopping difficult and unprofitable, then that impersonal abstraction, "the economy," could and would begin to adjust to a lower level of inflation. But the government won't allow this to happen. Already the plans are laid for more deficits financed with more money, and for shoring up energy-intensive industries that logically should cut back. And we will once again use fiscal and monetary stimuli to abort the recession, as we did in 1967 and 1970, and to attempt to reduce unemployment figures. But the recession gets worse each time, and the inflation picks up from a higher plateau.

Lewis Strauss, R I P

In his review of *Men and Decisions*, the autobiographical book Lewis Strauss wrote a dozen years ago, James Burnham, applying the English philosopher F. H. Bradley's concept of *My Station and Its Duties*, wrote: "Lewis Strauss found himself to be an American ('My parents taught me that the right to live in the social order established by the Founding Fathers is so priceless a privilege that no sacrifice to preserve it is too great.'); a Jew; and possessor of aptitudes that, in the America of his life span, virtually fated him to make a good deal of money rather easily. It is in terms of this triple 'station' that he has lived his public life and done his duty: as a loyal, clear-sighted patriot; as a man of deep, though humane and nondivisive faith; as an honorable and creative businessman. . . . Lewis Strauss in many ways resembles those Roman senators and knights who, under the bureaucratized, corrupt, and disintegrating Empire, did their reasoned public duty, with dignity and honor, despite the howling of the mob, the treachery of the demagogues, and the Emperor's ingratitude." Admiral Strauss was best known as a Commissioner and later, for five years, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. From the first he recognized that in the nuclear age the security of his country could not be assured except from a strategic foundation of adequate nuclear armament. It was he who most clearly realized the implications of the first Soviet atomic explosion in 1949, and thereupon fought against multiple opposition for a global detection system, and, with Edward Teller and against the opposition of Robert Oppenheimer, for crash development of H-bomb weapons. It was under his chairmanship, also, that the hearings were held leading to the withdrawal of Oppenheimer's security clearance. The bitterness of Oppenheimer's admirers against Strauss—though he had had no part in the security panel's deliberations and conclusions—had a good deal to do with the Senate's rejection of President Eisenhower's nomination of Strauss as Secretary of Commerce, a disappointment from which Strauss himself emerged with no personal resentment. After his retirement from public office, he spent much of his still very active life on philanthropy, study, education, and supervision of his flourishing Virginia farm. Admiral Strauss was a reader of *NR* from its early days and an active friend over the years. We recall with particular pleasure his warming and graceful performance as chairman of the Sponsoring Committee and speaker at the celebration of *NR*'s Fifth Anniversary. To his widow, his son, and his grandchildren, we extend our deep sympathy.

Mason Hampton, R I P

Mason Hampton, age 43, died of cancer in mid-January. He was very conspicuous as a member of the new breed of young conservatives in New York State who have been responsible for the Conservative Party. Bright, witty, tenacious, shrewd. He ran several times for public office, and once came fairly near to being elected—something that seldom happens to New York Conservatives. Always he was good-humored, amusing, discreetly passionate in his faith in America and American ideals. One thinks of the sign posted on the bulletin board of his club by George Ade, on learning of the death of a young friend. "It's always the wrong member."

Notes & Asides

■ The Manager
Steuben Glass Co.

Dear Sir:

For several years you have been regularly assaulting me with your literature, and today I visited your store intending to buy something distinctive as a wedding present for the president of the Starr Broadcasting Company, of which I serve as chairman of the board. I se-

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lected two handsome, complementary pieces, and advised your Mrs. Dorfman that I would like a tiny gold plate attached to each to note the initials of Mr. Starr and his bride. I know that Mrs. Dorfman is no doubt only following instructions, but she acted as though I had instructed Leonardo da Vinci please to write "Happy Birthday to Lulubelle" across the face of the Mona Lisa. She finally consented to call your designers. I delicately left the room during their conversation. Mrs. Dorfman in due course emerged to advise me that the rule was inflexible, proffered me her card, and I left—richer, by quite a few dollars, than I'd have been if the sale had been consummated.

As you know, the little gold "S" which would have personalized the gift sufficiently for my purposes, could easily have been applied by any jeweler: but I declined to have this done not alone because of the nuisance required, which would have been minimal; but because I decline to encourage your aesthetic airs. You make some very beautiful things, and some altogether vulgar things (I would not present your "Excalibur" to the Grand Ballroom of the Grand Hotel in Grand Rapids, Michigan). You should not presume to pass categorical judgment on the taste of your clients. At least, not of those clients you have so optimistically attempted to bring into your store. Yours faithfully,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I must apologize for the tardiness in replying to your interesting letter of December 3rd. I plead the press of Christmas business and the fact that a more prompt but necessarily briefer response probably would have done little to allay your misgivings about Steuben.

The fact of the matter is that we often do appear to usurp the prerogative of a client to pass his own aesthetic judgment on the sort of design he wants. In so doing, however, we make a sincere effort to provide constructive guidance. The objective is not to substitute our judgment for his, but rather to work out together an appropriate and imaginative solution.

Very often our unwillingness to abide by a customer's proposal is based not on our judgment of the aesthetic merits involved, but rather on technical limitations which are not always clearly apparent. Having been to the well many times before, we feel we are in a position to know better what can and can't be done successfully.

In principle, Steuben does not dispute your contention that you should have been able to have the two Cupolas for Mr. and Mrs. Starr marked in the manner you felt most appropriate. Unfortunately, when Mrs. Dorfman said, "No," she was unable, for some reason, to get across to you why the answer had to be negative. There is really no satisfactory way to mount a gold medallion on the base of the Cupola and it was for this reason, rather than on aesthetic grounds, that we demurred. Several alternate methods of personalizing your gift were suggested, but apparently none was acceptable to you.

We appreciate the nice things you have to say about some of our designs, and are neither surprised nor dismayed that you find others not fully to your liking. After all, if everyone backed the same horse, the noble sport of kings would be in a bad way. I hope that the next time you venture into our establishment you will let me have the pleasure of meeting and chatting with you further about our design principles. Cordially yours,

James A. Thurston
Steuben Glass

Dear Mr. Thurston:

Thank you for your kind letter. It would I think be a little bit more plausible if you had recognized the existence of Elmer's Glue, which is all one would need to cause to adhere the little insignia onto the glass. But no matter. I appreciate your writing.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Almost as "removed from matters of the day" as Nelson Algren, I was going through last May's *Times* this weekend and was stopped cold by the enclosed piece of your writing. The context is of course much too momentous for such a trivial point to cause Reader Arrest, but you are getting a reputation as a Word Man and hence have a certain potential for influence, for good or ill, upon the few and precious literate young. Besides, I happen to have heard you commit the same mistake recently on the air. The word in question may just possibly be on the way to being a favorite with you.

Authorities you surely respect as I do insist upon a distinction between *restive* and *restless*—the first meaning "stubbornly standing still . . . resisting control, intractable, refractory," conservative to the point of rebellion, as it were. Quotations in the OED include examples where the refractoriness is coupled with violent action: "His lordship's horse became restive and attempted to throw its rider." But resistance in the face of real or imminent compulsion is surely an implication that respect for the language would have us preserve in the use of this word. I enclose a couple of other clippings: you and Anthony Burgess seem to me to be abusers; Michener seems O.K. Sincerely,

Clem C. Williams Jr. (Yale '42)

(Enclosed: "Can the present-day cinema audience watch without restiveness a film in which a couple fall deeply in love without taking off their clothes?"—A. Burgess, *N.Y. Times*, July 1, 1973. "Many felt him to be unqualified to lead the nation, and when, that summer, meat prices rose, the nation grew restive."—J. Michener, *N.Y. Times*, July 1, 1973.)

Dear Mr. Williams: "Restive" means also *balky*. So that it can be used half way between restless and mutinous. —WFB (Yale '50) **—WFB**

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Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Whew!

WHEW! That's a relief. For a while there it looked as though Mr. Nixon might have done something wrong at some point in the past. After all, it *has* been some while now since John Dean said all those rude things about Mr. Nixon. And it has been a while since we heard, on July 16, that Mr. Nixon had tapes of all those conversations with Mr. Dean. But all this while the White House has offered nothing but bald denials of what Mr. Dean said. That is, the White House has not offered taped proof that Mr. Dean lied in his sworn descriptions of the taped conversations.

But now Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, the Senate Minority Leader, has declared that he knows the White House has evidence that proves Mr. Nixon is innocent of all wrongdoing. That's a load off the nation's mind.

Of course the evidence presumably is transcripts of the tapes of the Nixon-Dean conversations. These are transcripts prepared by those same wonderful people who brought us the Rose Mary Stretch, the 18-minute hum-along with Bob and Dick, the two missing tapes from the "cheap Sony." These are transcripts prepared by the same White House that, when the existence of the tapes first became known last July, said that one reason the tapes would not be made public is that the conversations they contain are ambiguous and can be interpreted in different ways by different people.

How right the White House evidently was! The Special Prosecutor's office keeps summoning Mr. Dean for additional testimony and seems determined to use Mr. Dean as a witness in various cases. The Special Prosecutor's office has access to many of the tapes. It seems unlikely the Special Prosecutor's office would be planning to offer Mr. Dean as a witness if he had committed perjury before the Senate Watergate Committee.

Still, Mr. Scott says the evidence is there, in the White House, to vindicate Mr. Nixon. But Mr. Scott says his honor won't let him say what the evidence is. Such talk is often a sign of something devious afoot.

I recently spent a few days in North Carolina and was able to evaluate a theory one hears a lot in Washington. The theory is that, outside of Washington, interest in and comment about Watergate-related matters is sparse and tame. People who subscribe to this theory acknowledge, of course, that the television networks' news shows are the same everywhere, and the national news magazines are indeed national. But they say local newspapers are not carrying much about Watergate and are not given to caustic commentaries about it. There may be parts of the nation where that is true. It is not true in North Carolina.

While I was there the front pages of the state's many good newspapers were full of the usual Watergate news: Egil Krogh is sentenced, the Watergate Committee first schedules and then postpones new hearings, Mr. Scott gives assurances, Mr. Ford declines a peek. But to get the flavor of things, consider three items—two editorial cartoons and a straight news story.

ONE cartoon, drawn by the *Raleigh News and Observer*'s own cartoonist, Steve Miller, portrays a portly but diminutive Mr. Scott holding a placard that reads: DON'T BELIEVE DEAN. Attached to the placard is a small poster bearing an additional message, attached to it is another, and off they flow, a long tail of additional information from Mr. Scott: Don't Believe Dean because "someone in the White House"/ "whom I won't identify"/ "has shown me a transcript"/ "that I can't substantiate"/ "making certain statements"/ "which I have to keep secret." The *Charlotte Observer*'s own cartoonist, "Marlette," portrays Mr. Nixon at his desk with Mr. Scott sitting like a slightly apprehensive child on his lap. A newspaper on Mr. Nixon's desk carries a banner headline: "Scott Claims Knowledge That Clears Nixon: Won't Say What." Mr. Nixon has a hand resting sympathetically on Mr. Scott's slumped shoulder and is saying: "I don't know how to break this to you Hugh, but . . . Well, remember how disappointed you were last Christmas when you found out there isn't any Santa Claus. . . ." Obviously these North Carolina cartoonists, who have earned the national reputations they have, yield to no one—not even the *Washington Post*'s Herblock—when it comes to ferocious commentary on Washington misadventures.

Meanwhile, back on page one, North Carolina readers were finding all they needed to know about Watergate. On a Saturday morning the *Raleigh News and Observer* carried a front page story, compiled from news dispatches, datelined Columbus, Ohio, headlined "Ford Declines Nixon Evidence." These were the first two paragraphs of the story:

> Vice President Gerald R. Ford said Friday that he had decided not to examine evidence the White House claims will clear President Nixon of involvement in the Watergate affair or its coverup.
>
> His decision appeared to signal a determination on his part not to become too intimately involved in the defense of Nixon on the impeachment issue.

The *News and Observer* subscribes to the *New York Times* news service and this story was similar to the dispatch filed from Columbus by Marjorie Hunter of the *Times*. This underscores the fact that there is a national dimension to the coverage of national news by local newspapers. This has always been the case. The news story was straightforward, informative, and much like other dispatches I saw from Columbus.

This is how it should be. Good reporters covering a national news story pretty much agree about what the news is, and how to present it. And the spice—the editorials, columns, and cartoons—reflect the spirit of the local newspapers. The newspapers in North Carolina provide a lot of spice in the life of their readers, and that, too, is how it should be. Unfortunately, for North Carolinians, as for the rest of the nation, Watergate continues to make life indigestibly spicy.

That is not how it should be, but that is how it is, and it is not the fault of the newspapers, either in Washington or New York or North Carolina. □

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The Kissinger Style

JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

THE YEAR 1973 confirmed Henry Kissinger as the century's most spectacular diplomat. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and topped the Most Admired poll. His wax dummy was the 1973 favorite at Madame Tussaud's. And he has begun 1974 with another tour de force. The Suez disengagement accord may be only a small step toward solution of the Mideast conflict, but it is the largest step ever taken.

What, then, are the distinctive marks of the diplomatic style of this global swinger, who in 1973 must also have broken the jet set mileage record? I do not refer, in raising this question, to the philosophic and historical theories that scholars have discovered in his writings, but to what might be called the operational principles that are displayed in what, as diplomat, he actually does.

1. The Kissinger diplomacy is *non-utopian*. He is not trying to loft us into the earthly paradise, but merely to keep us from sinking altogether into the pit. He does not expect a universal Peace on Earth; if he favors, generally speaking, peace over war, he does not oppose all shooting under all circumstances. His course is not oriented on the Classless Society or Equality or Universal Justice or any other transcendent Ideal.

Nor does the Kissinger diplomacy proceed, on any policy front, from what-might-have-beens. It recognizes that history is not a record you can play over again, that you cannot invest in retrospect. Kissinger's diplomatic operations always start from the situation that is actually given, bequeathed by the past: with the messy war someone else began, the awkward treaty someone else signed, the governments you find in the world rather than those you might have preferred in their place. Kissinger's is not a crusading diplomacy, not—as has so frequently been the case with American diplomacy—moralistic or what people call "idealistic," although it is not incompatible with a humane morality in personal belief, just as "idealistic" diplomacy is compatible with fanaticism in practical implementation.

This non-utopian premise explains a good deal, I think, of the Kissinger approach toward Peking and Moscow. In the world as he found it when his diplomatic life began five years ago, the totalitarian Soviet and Chinese states were *there*, given. He had not made them. It was his diplomatic job to deal with them as they were, not to base his diplomacy on a dream of what might have been if past diplomats had done something different.

2. The Kissinger style of diplomacy tries to keep the situation, every situation, *fluid* and mobile, and to prevent confrontation, crystallization. If nevertheless the situation freezes into rigid confrontation, then Kissinger diplomacy seeks detente in its literal meaning: a relaxation or loosening of tension. Thus Kissinger's own incredible physical mobility, which reached its high point so far in the Aswan-Tel Aviv shuttle, is a perfect symbol of his diplomatic essence.

So long as the situation is fluid, there are alternatives, options, chances for maneuver, and hope for improvement. I think this characteristic explains the ambiguities, omissions, loose ends, and even absurdities in such Kissinger-negotiated documents as SALT I, the Peking communiqué, the Suez disengagement terms, and the wordy Vietnam accord. Precise agreement on everything is not necessary and even—because it would imply a fixed, static situation—undesirable. Never mind the dots for the *i*'s. Don't try to do everything at once. Loosen up the positions of the two sides, and get things moving, even if ever so slightly, in the right direction, and then see what comes next.

3. The Kissinger diplomacy is *secretive*. True, all diplomacy is in some degree secretive, even the Wilsonian "open covenants openly arrived at," but some, including Kissinger's, is (or tries to be) more secretive than others. It may be that Kissinger's diplomacy is too secretive for a huge, sprawling democracy. Perhaps, as in the Byzantine Empire, this feature derives not so much from Kissinger himself as from the head of government, and is a quality of the Nixon regime in general, which I have had occasion to refer to as "Byzantine."

What is most curious about the recent confused story of the White House leak to the Pentagon is not that the Chief of Staff should have spied on the White House to find out what the policy was in relation to the India-Pakistan war, but that he should have had to spy. It would seem normal that in the discussion and determination of such matters the head of the country's military forces should automatically have taken part, which he could not do intelligently unless continuously and fully informed.

4. The Kissinger diplomacy is *personal*. Not only the decisive but many of the merely important and even routine diplomatic activities are carried out by Kissinger in person. He is a virtuoso, not a member of the orchestra, not a team player. He is not, by the record, an administrator. The Kissinger diplomacy is not bureaucratized.

This personalization has produced the brilliant diplomatic coups that have entranced the global audience. But it leads also to certain difficulties. These are inevitable for the simple reason that one man, even the ablest and brightest of men, cannot be everywhere, do all, and know all. If Kissinger is personally devoting himself to Situation X, then Situations Y and Z are neglected. And so it has been: cf. Japan, Western Europe, Latin America. Moreover, if in the projected image of American diplomacy there is only one man who really counts, then another American agent, whatever his knowledge and abilities, will not be accepted as adequate substitute, as poor Under Secretary Joseph Sisco learned in the Mideast last month.

In his biography of Dante, Boccaccio recounts that when the governing council once had to send a special envoy to Venice and wished to choose the poet (at the time a council member), Dante, not a man known for a modest estimate of his own abilities, brooded: "If I go, who remains? And if I remain, who goes?" □

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AMERICA AS BABYLON

Restive Evangelicals

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

THERE STANDS the suffering Christ, crowned with thorns, waiting to be crucified. He is draped in the American flag; the picture bears the legend, "And they crucified Him." Thus page one of Volume I, Number 1 of the religious journal *Post-American*.

There is valid theology and precedent behind the depiction of Jesus as suffering at one's own hands or those of one's countrymen. Rembrandt painted his own face on a Roman soldier standing by the Cross, and during World War II a Swiss artist scandalized his compatriots with a Crucifixion in which the soldiers wore Swiss army helmets. With the *Post-American*, however, it is clear that the message is not, "we too are guilty," but rather "America alone is guilty."

What's remarkable is that the *Post-American* was founded by students of the theologically conservative Trinity Evangelical Divinity School. Although Trinity belongs to a small denomination of Swedish origin, the Evangelical Free Church of America (1972 membership 70,500), it is the sixth largest Protestant seminary in the United States and is continuing to grow while older and more famous schools languish. Trinity—and its students—are resolutely committed to the traditional Protestant view of the authority and absolute trustworthiness of the Bible, and for this reason it has become one of the major sources of evangelical ministers for a number of denominations whose own seminaries are more liberal.

The *Post-American*'s America-is-guilty message was made thoroughly explicit in a later issue by contributing editor William Stringfellow. Stringfellow's book, *A Private and a Public Faith* (Eerdmans, 1962), was an early and influential effort to rouse evangelicals to social and political activism. Ten years and several books later, he so despaired of America that he could write:

> A nation . . . may be such a dehumanizing reality with respect to life in society, may be of such antihuman purpose and policy, may pursue such a course which so demeans human life and so profits death that it must be said that that nation . . . is, in truth, governed by the power of death.

> The outstanding example in the earlier part of the twentieth century of a nation and society, and its majority classes, and its leaders, existing in exactly this way is, of course, Nazi Germany. The biblical story of such a realm is the saga of Babylon. The stateling instance in the present time of the same situation is the U.S.A. ("The Relevance of Babylon," *Post-American*, Jan.-Feb. 1973).

In another article in the same issue, "The Golden Image of Nebuchadnezzar," Indiana State University Professor Richard V. Pierard denounces the "insidious but pervasive" idolatry which worships "the nation itself," which he calls "the golden image, the beast that rises out of the sea." He went on to denounce the June 1972 spectacular staged by Campus Crusade for Christ, called EXPLO '72, a mass rally on evangelism and evangelistic techniques, which drew approximately 80,000 students to Dallas, as partaking in this idolatry, "a religious action that glorified America." Pierard likens the tendency of evangelical Christians to an uncritical love of country (horrible example: Billy Graham's participation in Honor America Day on July 4, 1970) to the submissiveness of the "German Christians" vis-a-vis Hitler.

America as Babylon

Perhaps even more significant than the fact that such things are said is the fact that Pierard's "Golden Image" originally appeared in *The Reformed Journal* for December 1972. *The Reformed Journal* is published in Grand Rapids, heartland of the conservative, Calvinistic Christian Reformed Church, by Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, at one time the foremost publisher of scholarly books from the conservative Protestant camp, but now less consistently conservative than a decade ago. Many of *The Reformed Journal*'s staff are on the faculty of Calvin College (Christian Reformed), also of Grand Rapids, a stronghold of Calvinist orthodoxy; a number of them do double duty as *Post-American* contributing editors.

The interesting thing about all this is not that Protestant professors and students are talking about the United States as Babylon, but that it is *evangelicals* who are doing it. This is significant theologically, for evangelicals have a strong tradition of loyalty to their government, in keeping with the admonition of St. Paul, "Let every person be subject to the government authorities, for there is no authority except from God, and those that exist have been instituted by God" (Romans 13:1). It must have taken a powerful influence to move so many of them away from their traditional patriotism.

In addition, it is evident that the rhetoric and actions exemplified in the *Post-American* and similar if less extreme periodicals furnish not merely aid and comfort but also ammunition to the Marxist Left, and Marxism has until very recently been anathema to conservative Protestants, even as it was to Roman Catholics until John XXIII. This is politically significant, for it is precisely the conservative Protestants (whether we call them evangelicals, fundamentalists, or orthodox) who constitute the largest segment of Protestantism in America and who could be counted on, until recently, to rally 'round the flag en masse. In this respect as in several others the conservative Protestants resemble middle and lower class Roman Catholics. Certainly the two groups together contribute the bulk of America's potential for stability, resilience, and endurance in peace and war.

Certainly an outstanding figure on the evangelical side is Dr. Billy Graham. Uncompromising fundamentalists such as the late Dr. Bob Jones Sr. might have denounced him for "inclusivism," and the scholarly hardline Calvinist Cornelius Van Til scores him for his "Arminianism" (neglect of the sovereignty of God in favor of freedom of the human will). Nevertheless, Gra-

Mr. Brown is author of the forthcoming The Reconstruction of the Republic.

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ham is widely honored and admired by most conservative Protestants. He has been on familiar terms with the last four American Presidents, especially Richard Nixon.

Nixon participated in Billy Graham Day in the evangelist's home town of Charlotte, N.C., in October 1971, and Graham in turn lent his considerable moral support to Nixon in his 1972 reelection campaign. The two men's speeches on Billy Graham Day in Charlotte marked the difference between their approach: Graham spoke as usual of the need for a personal commitment to Jesus Christ; the President appealed to evangelicals to preserve (he should have said "restore") those virtues and standards which have "made this country great."

Not This . . .

America in her current time of troubles has frequently been compared with the declining Roman Empire. Nixon's patronizing of Graham has been likened by many to the espousal of Christianity by the Emperor Constantine after 313 A.D. Today the evangelicals probably represent a larger portion of the total population than the Christians did in the Roman Empire of Constantine's day (perhaps 10 per cent). There is no doubt that if they were fully united behind a political or civic program, their influence would be immense. George McGovern, who grew up in an evangelical atmosphere but subsequently backslid to a "Social Gospel" theology, himself made a concerted appeal for evangelical support during the 1972 campaign. Several of the evangelical scholars who contribute to the *Post-American* were active in a group called Evangelicals for McGovern, attempting to persuade conservative Protestants that McGovern's position was closer to the biblical ideal than Nixon's.

While few Americans—and probably fewer evangelicals, on a percentage basis—showed themselves impressed by McGovern's appeal to morality in the '72 campaign, it is probably true that their support of Richard Nixon was less than wholehearted. Since Nixon's reelection, much of the support that was there has eroded. Pierard's "Golden Image" article appeared in the December 1972 *Reformed Journal* and thus must have been in the works if not already printed before the November election. At that time Pierard's disillusionment was probably limited to a relatively small circle of intellectually inclined evangelicals. But by midyear, the circle had grown immensely.

Not This . . .

Even today, it is doubtful that more than a minority of conservative Protestants would swallow Stringfellow's hysterical thesis that America is the successor to Nazi Germany as the Babylon of the twentieth century. But two major factors have intervened in recent months to dramatize the conflict and force more and more evangelicals to see the United States less in terms of Romans 13 ("Let every person be subject to the governing authorities . . .") and more in terms of Romans 1 ("Since they did not see fit to acknowledge God, God gave them up to a base mind and to improper conduct . . . filled with all manner of wickedness"). First came the decision of the Supreme Court, announced January 22 (the Monday after the Inauguration), effectively establishing abortion on demand throughout the United States. This decision has generated widespread disgust among evangelicals and undermined their longstanding habit of thinking of the United States as a nation under God. The second factor, one of potentially even greater significance, is the Watergate imbroglio. American evangelicals were less disturbed by the burglary itself than by the long and complex coverup, with all its implications of basic dishonesty in high places. A number of evangelical spokesmen privately indicate that they feel themselves betrayed by Nixon, whom they had accepted, if not as an evangelical, at least as a God-fearing and essentially honest man.

The late General de Gaulle repeatedly appealed to the French voters, warning them, in effect, "*C'est moi ou le chaos.*" The appeal of Nixon and his Middle American establishment to the evangelical center seems to have been, "the American Way or godless immorality!" Nixon's credibility as an alternative to godless immorality suffered noticeably in evangelical eyes when he made his pilgrimage to Peking to dine

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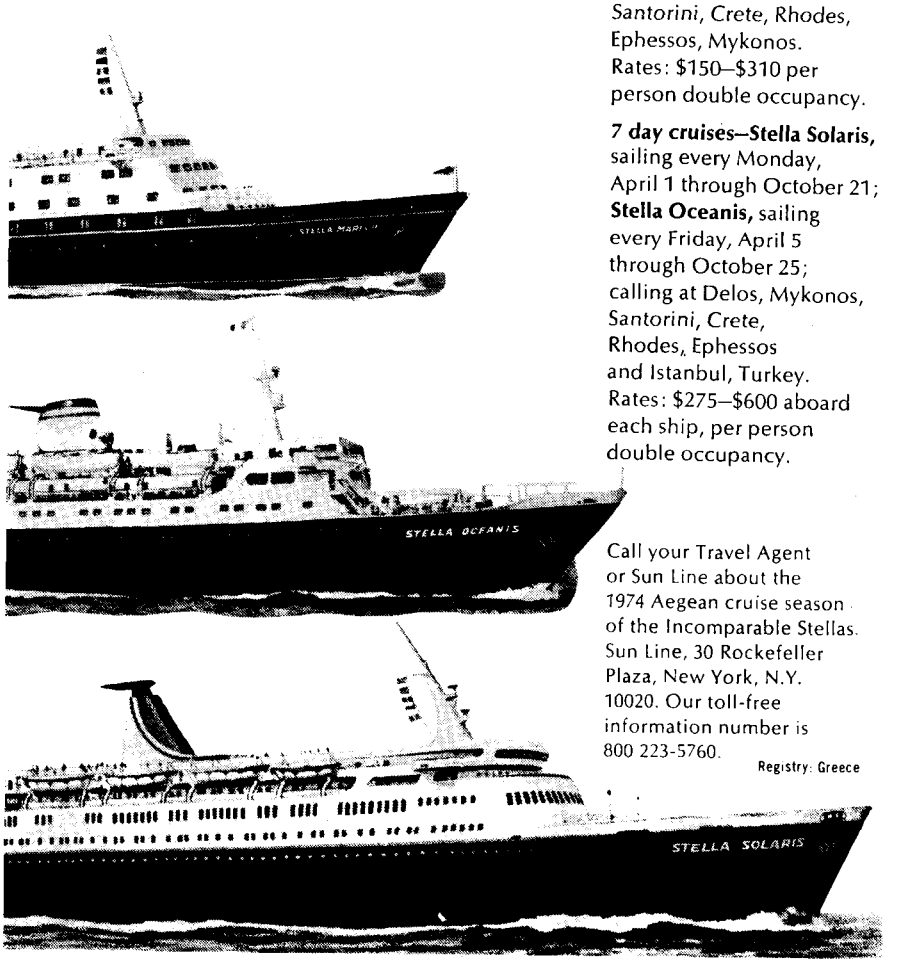

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with well known persecutors of Christians. But hardly had this difficult medicine been swallowed, sweetened somewhat by the thought that it might, in the long run, preserve peace and reopen China to Christian influences, than Watergate began to cast suspicion not merely on Nixon's actions, but on his principles and his personal integrity. And, even worse, because Nixon is still generally perceived as less of a threat to basic evangelical concerns than his 1972 opponent, the growing distrust is directed not merely at Nixon but at the whole way of life and government which gave Americans the choice between Nixon and McGovern.

And Not This?

If present trends continue, evangelicals will abandon the ship of state in increasing numbers. When the evangelicals go, then the government will no longer have any "might" left, in Hannah Arendt's sense of the word: it will no longer have the approval and moral support of anyone. Its only recourse, other than abdication, will be violence. It is very difficult to see how a moral consensus can be recreated in the present situation, short of widespread public repentance and conversion.

In evangelical circles, terms such as "restoration," "rebuilding," and "reconstruction" are being heard more and more frequently. The implicit—sometimes explicit—assumption behind such language is the expectation that the government and public order will break down completely, and that then and only then can rebuilding start. Evangelical Protestants have always been future-oriented, looking not to a Marxist revolution but to the return of Christ, and, as such, pessimistic about this world and its chances to produce a truly good society. But nevertheless they have always felt a strong sense of responsibility and stewardship in the temporal world and have exhibited a willingness to trust, respect, and cooperate with their governing authorities. Now the pessimism is become more generalized. The *Post-American*, surely, represents even at the present time only a small minority of evangelical opinion. But it is a symptom of a spiritual uneasiness, of a widespread and growing uncertainty among the largest group of traditionally patriotic and loyal citizens. If the evangelicals abandon the ship of state, who will be left to man the oars? Or even just the pumps? □

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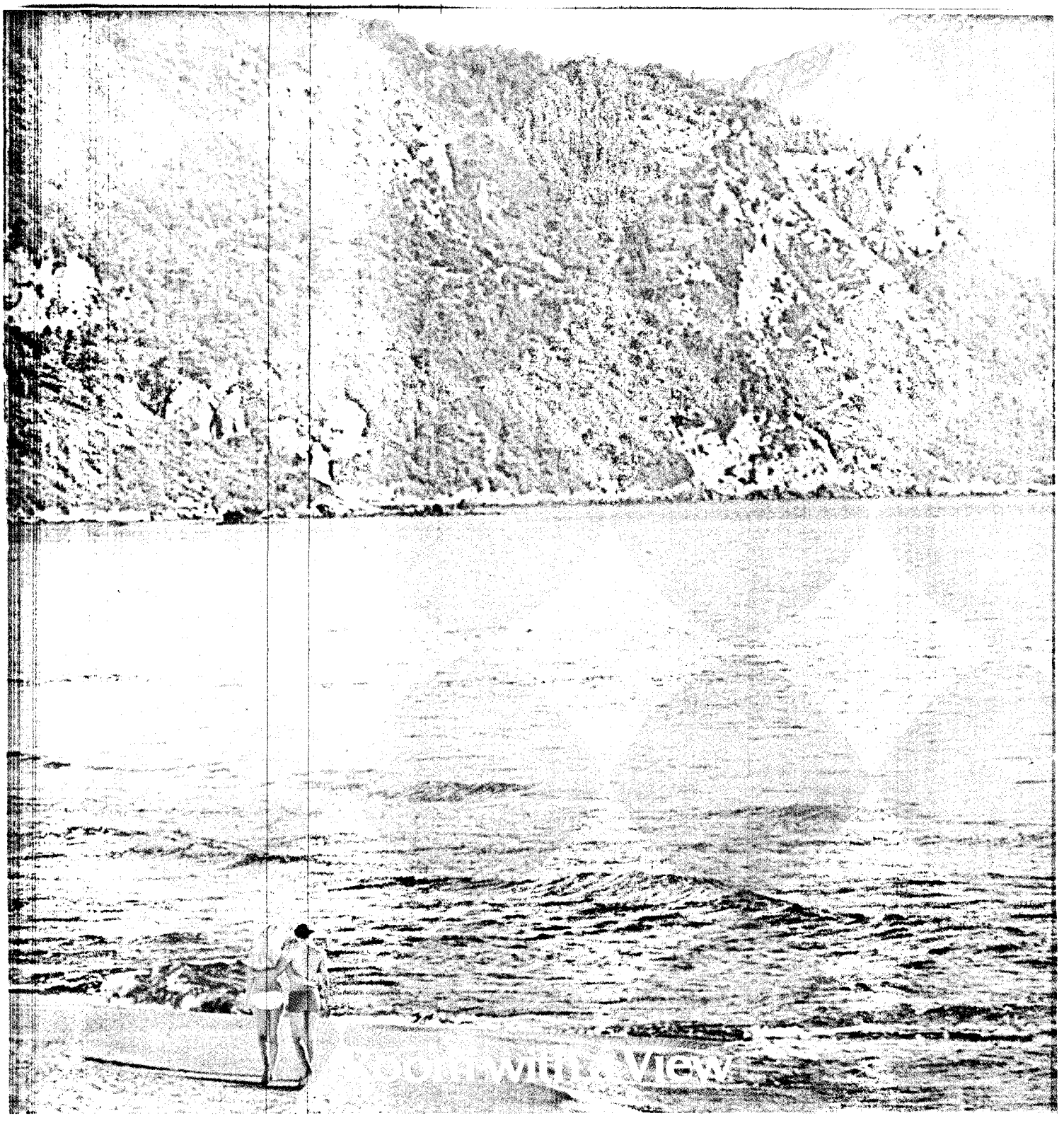

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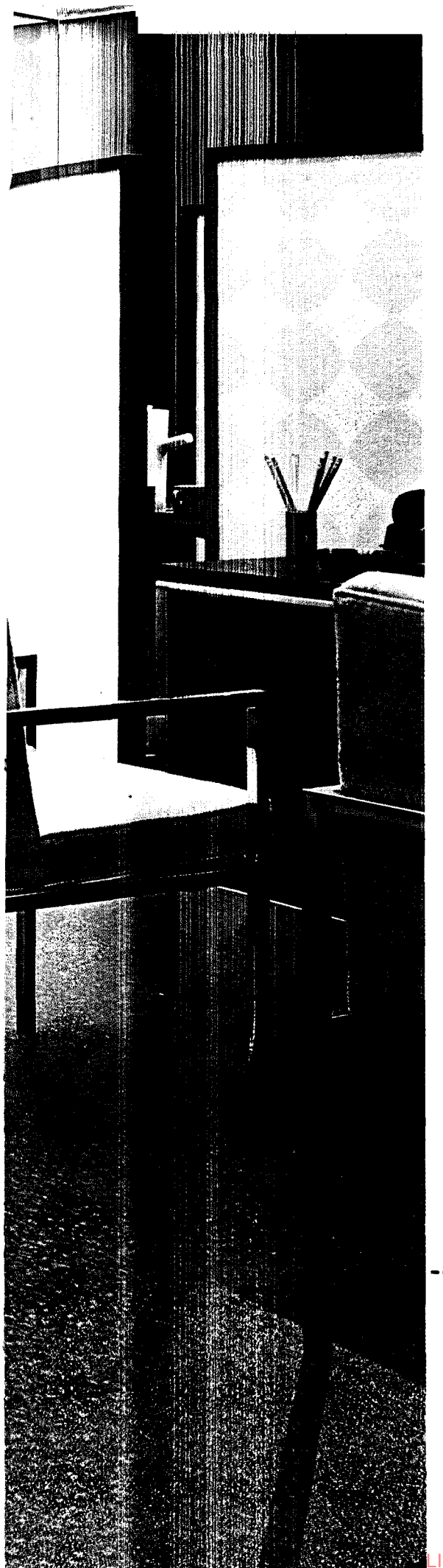

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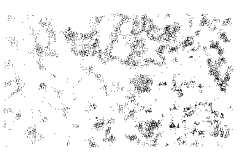
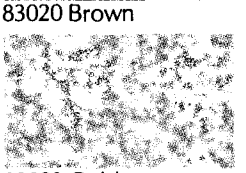


83022 Beige



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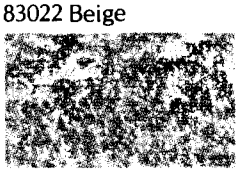

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- A smart way to stock your freezer against a lightning disaster.
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FIFTY YEARS LATER

They died within a fortnight of each other, two men who planned to change the course of Western civilization. From the perspective of 1974 it would seem that both failed, but that Lenin's failure was the greater

Wilson Is Overtaking Lenin

JOHN LUKACS

THREE-FOURTHS through the twentieth century we can look back and see the main things in the enormous landscape emerging. It is an American-Russian landscape. What a few men—Napoleon, the Abbé de Pradt, Tocqueville—predicted early in the nineteenth century, has come about. After Spain, France, Britain, each with its century under the sun, the American and the Russian empires rose to dominate much of the world, including the old continent of Europe. During their rise—and this had not been predicted—they became transformed into new kinds of empires, peculiar to each.

The two principal architects of these imperial transformations were Wilson and Lenin. They died at the same time, in 1924, exactly 50 years ago, half a world apart, less than a fortnight apart—Lenin on a Monday, January 21, Wilson on a Sunday, February 3. Fifty years later the calendar reverts to the same order, the anniversaries of their deaths fall on the same days of the week, which is somehow fitting: for the lives and the deaths of these two different men were shot through with many coincidences.

They were the main figures of the first quarter of the twentieth century, these two world revolutionaries, Wilson and Lenin. Less than seven years before their deaths, in 1917, they changed the destinies of their countries, and of the world. Lenin forced his cohorts into a Bolshevik uprising in Petrograd: he succeeded, and in the end the mighty Russian empire became the first Communist state in the world. Wilson led his nation into the First World War: for the first time in history the direction of the movement of peoples was reversed; instead of millions coming from the Old World to the New, one million American soldiers were going to Europe, to decide the greatest of European wars. For two more years Wilson was the Arbiter of Europe, and his influence in the world was greater than that of any President before or since that time. For two years after the Petrograd rising Lenin was the master of world revolution, and it seemed that the red lava of Communism would flood across Europe and much of Asia.

It did not happen. Like Cromwell or Jefferson or Bonaparte, Lenin was a revolutionary. Unlike Cromwell or Jefferson or Bonaparte, he was not a statesman. Less than three years after the Bolshevik rising in Petrograd world revolution was retreating everywhere. Communism had been rejected, violently, by the peoples of every nation bordering Russia. The fledgling army of the infant Polish republic drove the Red Army back beyond the old imperial frontier. Within Russia the Communist experiment was barely surviving, at the cost of famine, confusion, and compromise. Instead of spreading the Communist revolution across open frontiers, Lenin's government had to isolate their darkening Soviet Union from the rest of the world. Instead of speeding up the Communist transformation of the Soviet Union, Lenin had to revert to a kind of primitive capitalism, and even admit a large capitalist relief mission, from the United States, to help mitigate the famine that was raging in southern Russia. Instead of the burgeoning and the flourishing of the revolutionary state, Lenin found himself more and more isolated, presiding over a vast and inefficient bureaucratic apparatus. When he should have been in the prime of his life, in his 52nd year, he became gravely ill. Within a year he suffered three strokes. For another year and a half he lingered on, away from Moscow, dawdling with political testaments, deeply uncertain of what would come after his leadership, suspicious of the banditry of Stalin, unsure of the insubstantial intellectuality of Trotsky. On a dark January afternoon in 1924 he died. His body was brought to Moscow in driving snow. Six days later it was deposited in a tomb where it has lain embalmed, mummified, and occasionally rewaxed, ever since.

HALF a world away, in the capital city of the other great world republic, Woodrow Wilson, once Lenin's arch-rival for the affection of the masses of the world, lay dying. He was too ill to read the papers or even to respond to the news. Lenin and Wilson knew of each other's illness. They had discounted each other for some time. In any event, they were beyond caring. Wilson, too, had tumbled from the summit of the world years before. In 1919 Wilson, like Lenin, failed first in his expectations about Europe, then in his leadership among his own people. The Paris Peace Conference, over which he presided for a few months, resulted in a botch of inadequate, and potentially disastrous, compromises. The American people sensed something of this. They were suspicious and unwilling to involve themselves in the affairs of Europe. At the very moment when Lenin's principal hope, the cause of European Communist revolution, was beginning to fade, the attraction of Wilson's great idea of the League of Nations was fading too. As early as

Mr. Lukacs teaches history at Chestnut Hill College.

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The Soviet Union was an empire of misery—a reality that was conveniently overlooked by a handful of intellectuals but not by the peoples of Europe, including the neighbors of the Russian empire, who rejected the Soviet order without exception

April 1919, in Paris, Wilson was struck by a kind of thrombosis—though this was kept from the American people. In the late summer of 1919 Wilson crossed the United States on a speaking tour, hoping to get the crucial Western states on his side. He suffered a stroke on his campaign train in Pueblo, Colorado. The American people were told even less about Wilson's physical incapacity than the Russian people were to be told about Lenin's illness, mainly because of the ambitious efforts of Mrs. Wilson, who at first kept her husband isolated in the White House, and thereafter in an expensive mansion in S Street, bought by the ex-President's friends. Still Wilson's influence within the Democratic Party, as Lenin's within the Bolshevik Party, was waning. His physical and mental decline was more pathetic than Lenin's: a kind of premature mummification set in, freezing his countenance. His death came slowly, gradually. He was buried in the Washington Cathedral, at that time as important a place in the capital city of the great Protestant Republic of the North as was Red Square in the capital of revolutionary Russia. Above Lenin's tomb there is a Red Star. On Wilson's tomb there is a Crusader's Cross.

EVER SINCE that time thousands of people visit Lenin's tomb every day. Only a few men and women pass by Wilson's resting place. Ever since that time Lenin's reputation has spread far and wide. His portraits hang over the streets of more than a dozen capitals of the world on festive occasions. To the peoples of the Soviet Union he is a combination saint, their Jesus Christ and Lincoln. Compared to that saturnine face, somehow perennially Tatar, the very photographs of Wilson, with his long professorial jaw and pince-nez, suggest a period piece. Lenin's works have been reprinted in more editions than the Bible; and while there is reason to believe that few people read them, thousands of ambitious intellectuals and bureaucrats pretend that they read and study and draw upon them. The papers of Woodrow Wilson are being carefully collected and published by Professor Link, an old-fashioned Princeton liberal. They exude the impression of something like high-button shoes, another period piece. The ideas of Lenin, we are told, still inspire the revolutionary ardor of oppressed peoples in Africa, Asia, Latin America. Of the two principal architects of the landscape of the twentieth century, publicity, at any rate, shows his reputation far in the lead.

This impression is misleading. In reality Wilson was more successful than Lenin—both in the short and in the long run.

It was in 1917—that most crucial year in the history of the twentieth century—the destiny of the world changed because of what Wilson had achieved, not Lenin. The American entry into World War I was more decisive than the Bolshevik Revolution. Because of it the Western Allies were able to defeat Germany even without Russia—for the first and the last time in history, we may add. Contrary to the Germans' hopes—they had enabled Lenin to go to Russia from his exile in Switzerland, and they secretly financed and abetted the Bolsheviks—Russia's dropping out of the war was not enough to counterbalance America's entry into the war, which was the greater event of the two. In the long run, too, 1917 marked the beginning of the Americanization, not of the Russification, of much of the world. True, both Wilson and Lenin failed after the war, when both of the giant states, American and Russian, withdrew into isolation, which the American people saw as a virtue, and which for the Bolsheviks was sheer necessity. Yet even in the Twenties American, unlike Russian, isolationism was far from complete. The American people may have rejected Wilson and the Democrats in 1920, but the isolationism of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover was but one side of the story. The United States had become the richest, and the most powerful, country in the world. Its dollar had become the universal currency. It dominated the financial affairs of Europe. From Patagonia to Lapland there were millions of people who knew the names of Hollywood stars while they knew not the names of their prime ministers. The Soviet Union was an empire of misery—a reality that was conveniently overlooked by a handful of intellectuals but not by the peoples of Europe, including the neighbors of the Russian empire, who rejected the Soviet order without exception. The nation whose image transformed the shape of entire societies was the United States, not the Soviet Union. During the so-called isolationist Twenties masses of people were impressed by the American power of Wall Street, by the American imagery of the movies, by the American music of Gershwin, by the American language of Hemingway. Compared to these things the impact of the Soviet Union was minimal.

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Much of this would have probably come about if Wilson had never existed. But there was more than that. In the realm of political ideas, too, Wilson's influence was greater and wider than Lenin's. This may be surprising at first sight: but so it was. Like every Marxist, Lenin believed that the supreme reality in history was the struggle of classes, not of nations. He thought, and said, that the fact that the first successful Communist revolution took place in Russia was but an accident. He expected the revolution to come all over Europe, principally in Germany, the fatherland of Marxism. Nothing like this ever happened. Nation after nation refused Communism; indeed, the working people of the capitalist countries turned out to be the most hardened opponents of it. "The International World Revolution is near!" cried Lenin on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. In reality it was farther than the moon. Unlike the French and American Revolutions, which were imitated and repeated by neighboring peoples within a few years, the Russian Revolution remained singular, isolated, alone. For more than a quarter of a century the Soviet Union was the only Communist country in the world. After the Second World War there was a change—not at all in accord with Lenin's vision. His successor Stalin proved to be a statesman, not a revolutionary. He attached a string of nations to the Russian imperial domain—not through revolution, not through the class struggle, but through the military victory over Germany. The instruments of Communism were not the working classes, far from it. They were the tanks and the soldiery of the Russian army. Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, East Germany became Communist states simply because Russian armies occupied them at the end of the war.* Their peoples, including their working classes, continued to detest Communism or, at best, they have been suffering and trying to evade its senseless impositions in silence. The wars and the struggles of the twentieth century have been those of nations, not classes. Like Marx, Lenin overlooked the principal political reality of the modern age of the masses, which has been nationalism, in its ever protean, and often virulent, forms.

WILSON, whose political ideas depended not on the categories of Marxism but on those of the Anglo-American liberalism of the nineteenth century, had only a superficial understanding of nationalism. Yet in this important respect the Princeton professor was the greater world revolutionary of the two. He was a proponent of the idea of national self-determination, the most important element within his famous Fourteen Points. The result was the greatest transformation of the political geography of Europe in its history. An entire empire, the Austro-Hungarian one, disappeared from the map, broken up into various components. Entire national states sprang into existence after the war, principally due to Wilson's espousal of their cause. Long after his death, it was in the name of national self-determination that the Dutch and the British and the French empires melted away, with dozens of new states appearing in the world, and the end is not yet. The principle of national self-determination threatens to break up not only empires but states, as in Canada, Yugoslavia, Belgium. It may even threaten the very structure of the Soviet Union. The idea that Wilson espoused has proven to be the main political idea of an entire century.

Within his own country, too, Wilson was to be vindicated. There is a curious symbolism in the fact that when he was struck on the platform at Pueblo, his tongue faltered over these words: "Germany must never be allowed . . ." As Gene Smith, the excellent biographer of his last years, recorded: "He stopped and was silent. 'A lesson must be taught to Germany . . .' He stopped again and stood still. 'The world will not allow Germany . . .'" Less than 20 years later Germany was allowed, Germany not having been taught a lesson. Had Wilson had his way, had the American people not succumbed to the easy temptations of normalcy and isolation, had the United States joined the League of Nations, all of this would not have happened—this once partisan notion was becoming an accepted truth. The day after Pearl Harbor Wilson's widow, invited by Mrs. Roosevelt, sat in the Capitol listening to Roosevelt's speech declaring the second great crusade for world democracy. In temperament and in background Franklin Roosevelt was very different from Woodrow Wilson, as was Eleanor Roosevelt from Edith Bolling Wilson. Yet their world political ideas were not different at all. The United Nations, which the Roosevelts espoused, was to be but a larger version of the League of Nations which had been crippled from the beginning because of America's absence. Twenty years after Wilson's death, by the end of the Second World War, isolationism had largely vanished from America. Democrats and Republicans had their differences in their priorities: yet in their ideological vision of the world, with few exceptions and few shades of difference, most of them were Wilsonians. All of the leading figures of the American international establishment, Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles, Allen Dulles, Dean Rusk, had been brought up on Wilsonian principles. Many of them, including Hoover and Dulles, had been on Wilson's staff during the Paris Peace Conference. In the long run the triumph of Wilsonianism was complete. No two Presidents could be as different as Franklin Roosevelt

* The exceptions to this rule—or, rather, the exceptions that prove the rule—were Yugoslavia, Albania, and later China and Cuba. Had the first two been liberated by Anglo-American armies at the end of the war they would not have become Communist. In Cuba Castro turned out to be pro-Communist because he was anti-American; and Mao's China turned out to be the bitterest opponent of the Soviet Union.

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When Lenin and Wilson lay dying Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin were on the rise. They were to dominate the unhappy history of the Western world during the second quarter of this century

and Richard Nixon. Yet Roosevelt insisted on getting the desk Wilson had used on the *George Washington* on his way to Paris; he installed it in his house in Hyde Park. Richard Nixon has shown little interest in historic furniture; yet one of the first announcements of his press secretary after his inauguration was that the new President was using Woodrow Wilson's desk in the White House.

On the other side of the world, in the Soviet Union, too, Lenin's reputation outlived Stalin's. For a long time his reputation was unquestionable, it was unquestioned, the one thing on which Stalin and his enemy Trotsky agreed. On the morrow of Lenin's death Stalin shed crocodile tears and Trotsky published a babbling and incoherent eulogy. Even those who eventually turned against the memory of Stalin continued to venerate Lenin as the noble creator. This was true of Khrushchev; it is still true of many leftist intellectuals in the world. Yet 40 years after Lenin's death this religious consensus of belief was showing a few cracks. Within the Soviet Union itself a few people, including the greatest Russian writers, began to question not only the misdeeds of Lenin's successor but the worth of the Bolshevik Revolution itself. Both Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn devoted principal historical novels to the time of the Bolshevik Revolution. There is a passing and humane reference to the last Czar in Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*; there is nothing about Lenin. Solzhenitsyn is at work on a grandiose historical trilogy, culminating in the Bolshevik Revolution in which he, as Pasternak, sees not a triumph for Russia but a catastrophe. In September 1973 someone tried to put a bomb in Lenin's tomb, an event that the Soviet government admitted after some hesitation, with considerable reluctance. Whether by the end of this century the Communist regime will survive within the Russian empire nobody knows for certain. What is certain, however, is that in the event of a great convulsion the Russian people will revise their history of the entire century, and that not only Brezhnev's or Stalin's but Lenin's reputation will radically decline—and there are signs that this decline has already begun.

SOMETHING of the same is true also of Wilson. In spite of the superficial consensus accorded to his place in American history, of a long line of Presidents he remains perhaps the most difficult to judge. His personality was exceedingly complex. His very appearance belied his origins: he had come from the South, and yet no President of the Union, not even Calvin Coolidge, had such a New England and Puritanical countenance as Woodrow Wilson with his long, horsey face. He was an intellectual, and a politician; an idealist and yet supremely vain, vainer even than Lenin. Wilson, his Postmaster General once said, was "a man of high ideals, but no principles"—a cruel assessment, and probably a true one. He had a split mind, by which I mean that he was both unwilling and unable to recognize the discrepancy between different sets of ideas within the same mind. He kept intervening in Mexico over and over again, in order to support what to him seemed the cause of political democracy in Mexico; and when someone asked him whether perhaps the Mexicans did not want political democracy Wilson answered that he was going to teach them democracy, whether they wanted it or not. In Paris the young Harold Nicolson, an early admirer of Wilson's principles, was appalled to find that this President who had declared war on secret diplomacy with his slogan of Open Covenants Openly Arrived At, was isolating himself behind cordons of armed guards, more secretive than the traditional diplomats of the most ancient of European states. Clemenceau said about Wilson that he never knew anyone to talk more like Jesus Christ and act more like Lloyd George. In America Wilson, this exponent of liberal democracy, pursued his political opponents with a vindictiveness seldom matched by any other President. It was aimed at the weak as much as at the strong. He had put Eugene Debs, that mild leader of American Socialists, in jail and refused to pardon him after the war. Eventually it was Warren Harding who would pardon Debs and receive him in the White House.

WILSON'S place and influence in history is bound to be rethought. This is what history consists of: the rethinking of the past, which is not altogether a futile endeavor. In Wilson's case such a rethinking leads us straight to the present. Other Presidents, including Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, could be narrow and vindictive toward their opponents. Yet Wilson's greatest shortcomings are not to be found in his domestic politics. What Wilson bequeathed to the American people was a philosophy of internationalism that has been found wanting, even though few people have come to recognize this. It was a profoundly legalistic, and superficially moralistic, view of the world, and it has ruled much of American foreign policy since his time. To Make the World Safe for Democracy was, and remains, after all, not so very different from that other more parochial and nationalistic slogan: What Is Good for America Is Good for the World. In the end this is what led to Vietnam, and to much else besides.

As a matter of fact, Wilsonianism signally failed to make the world safe for democracy. The War to End Wars resulted in one of the worst peace settlements in Europe, and to another and even worse world war in 20 years. When Lenin and Wilson lay dying Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin were on the rise. They were to dominate the unhappy history of the Western world during the second quarter of this century. Before the Second World War Hitler, in annexing Austria and the Sudeten Germans, profited from the breakup of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire and from the very principle of national self-determination that Wilson had preached. During and after the war Stalin profited from Roosevelt's insistence on the United Nations which was, of course, pure Wilsonianism writ large. The United

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Nations, like the League of Nations, proved worse than ineffective: yet the Wilsonian myths lingered on, for a long time. Forty years after Wilson's death Professor Allan Nevins, one of the most eminent American historians, would still write: "Had the United States entered the League—how much brighter might have been the ensuing years! At worst, the way would never have been laid open for such adventurers as Mussolini and such madmen as Hitler." "At worst" is good. History does not repeat itself: but historians surely repeat themselves.

Fifty years after 1924 there are signs that the Russian and the American people may be changing their minds. Ideas such as the League of Nations or the United Nations stir the minds of few Americans nowadays. The Russian people show not the slightest enthusiasm for world revolutionaries abroad: rather the contrary. They hate and fear the Red Chinese; they despise Cubans and Egyptians, their allies, while they cheer Americans whenever they have a chance, as during international athletic events in Moscow. The American people, too, have grown sick and tired of the idea of Making the World Safe for Democracy. It is all curious and a little sad.

For 50 years the American internationalist establishment has been Wilsonian to a man. Yet we have a President whose public desire is to keep America Number One (whatever that means); he is a professed admirer of Wilson, and yet his principal adviser in world affairs is a German immigrant who professes to admire Metternich (a statesman whose memory Wilson loathed) and to uphold the balance of power (the principle that Wilson attempted to destroy). The leaders of the Russian empire profess to uphold Lenin's principle of the class struggle; yet their main concern is whether to attack Communist China, a state that at least in theory comes closest to exemplifying the ideas of Lenin. No matter how often the Soviet technicians and cosmeticians embellish Lenin's body in the glass case in the red porphyry mausoleum, Leninism, even more than Wilsonianism, is moribund, if not altogether dead.

When Lenin and Wilson died 50 years ago, the first quarter of the twentieth century was ending. Another 25 years later the domination of Europe, and of much else besides, by the Russian and the American empires, was an accomplished fact. During the last 25 years their domination has begun to weaken, here and there: yet their predominance is yet far from being replaced. As late as halfway through the century Wilson and Lenin might have taken some comfort from the evolution of the world: had he lived, Wilson would have seen the splendiferous palace of the United Nations established, of all places, in New York; had he lived, Lenin would have seen half a dozen Communist states besides the Soviet Union. Three-fourths through the century, however, things have changed: Lenin the champion of colonial peoples, Wilson the champion of national self-determination: what would they have thought of a Communist China with hydrogen bombs, or of Japan the capitalist giant of the world?

At the end of the twentieth century the United States and the Soviet Union may still be the two greatest powers, ruling half of the globe—if so, in spite, not because, of the heritage of Wilson and of Lenin. □

The Body in Lenin's Tomb

EUGENE LYONS

Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, known to history as Lenin, died on January 21, 1924, exactly 50 years ago, at the age of 54. But he has not yet been buried, except perhaps piecemeal. What is purported to be his body is on permanent display in a severely angular porphyry mausoleum on Moscow's Red Square.

In the half-century, millions of Soviet citizens and foreign visitors have descended into the crypt and filed by the catafalque under its peaked glass cover for hasty glimpses in subdued indirect lighting. Every day there are still long queues waiting their turn to enter the shrine. Peasant women often cross themselves. How many pilgrims come to worship, to pay patriotic homage, or merely out of curiosity, is anyone's guess. They see only the head and hands, taking for granted that there is a body under the velvet drape and the flag of the Paris Commune of 1871 now covering the presumptive torso and legs. At least twice a year, on November 7, birth of the Bolshevik regime, and on May 1, a handful of the Kremlin oligarchs and sometimes prestigious foreign guests review massive parades from a balustrade near the top of the tomb.

In 1930, to refute rumors that the figure in the mausoleum was just a waxwork, I was among about a dozen resident foreign correspondents inside the crypt for a bizarre press conference. We had been summoned to meet Professors V. Vorobiev, anatomist, and Ilya Sbarsky, chemist, who had embalmed the corpse in 1924 and watched over their handiwork ever since.

Rarely had reporters plied their trade in a more macabre setting. But there was nothing hushed or morbid about the proceedings. Cheerfully businesslike, the scientists removed the glass case, then proceeded to bend Lenin's ears, tweak his nose, and pinch his cheeks to show that the cadaver was not only genuine but as resilient as life. We were fully convinced, though strangely no one was smart or bold enough to ask to see the body under the heavy red drape.

The embalmers told us how the body had been scooped out and filled with chemicals to arrest degeneration of bones and tissues. At frequent intervals, they explained, the corpse was inspected and the chemicals replenished as needed. Theoretically, they claimed, the process could be maintained indefinitely but they could not guarantee this; it was still an experiment. (The brain, we knew, had been removed in the original autopsy, then sliced into thousands of waferlike sections for study by a special Brain Institute seeking the secrets of Lenin's genius; the enterprise, through many years, proved futile.)

I had not been in the tomb since my arrival in Moscow

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in 1928, so my report on the interview noted changes in that interval. I wrote that there were "distinct signs that the corpse is slowly deteriorating"; that where one hand had been "quite shriveled . . . by now time has marked the other hand as well"; and that "the entire head seemed somewhat shrunken." The evidence of mummification seemed to me and other correspondents the best proof of the genuineness of the corpse.

Reports abroad and rumors in the USSR that the exhibit is fraudulent have been more widespread since then, but no such public demonstration of its authenticity has again been offered. Some foreigners and Soviet defectors who viewed the display at intervals over a period of years have remarked that the face seemed younger each time—more like the vigorous Lenin of 1917 than the Lenin aged by prolonged illness seven years later.

The two embalmers had begun their grisly job ten weeks after Lenin's death, when rapid putrefaction had already set in, and worked on it for four and a half months. In a biography published in 1964, Dr. Stefan T. Possony of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, having researched the question thoroughly, concluded that "perhaps the head and the hands were preserved after all." That in itself, if true, would be a triumph of the embalming science and cosmetic arts. Now and then the mausoleum is closed for a few months, officially for repairs of the structure, actually for repairs of its tenant.

WHETHER the figure on the catafalque is the original body or a wax effigy, the embalmment was part of a deliberate program of deification conceived by Stalin. The decision to preserve and exhibit Lenin's mortal remains was made against the horrified protests of Nadezhda Krupskaya, his wife. She pleaded that it was an insult to Lenin's memory, a violation of his materialist beliefs that would have "sickened" him. In the 15 years before her own death she did not once enter the tomb, neither did Lenin's two surviving sisters and some of his closest associates. The embalmment was also opposed by Trotsky, Bukharin, and other Soviet leaders who feared the cultivation of a mindless Lenin cult.

But Stalin already held the levers of power in his hands and his wish prevailed. His calculating mind grasped the advantages of exploiting the vein of religious mysticism in the Russian character. If he succeeded in the apotheosis of Lenin as the focus of a new temporal creed, he could be the high priest of an infallible "church," with criticism punishable as blasphemy, even unto death.

When Lenin's Central Committee in 1918 ordered the murder of Nicholas II and his family, it specified the annihilation of their bodies—"in order not to give counter-revolutionaries an opportunity of using the 'bones' of the Czar to play on the ignorance and superstitions of the masses." It was by the same logic in reverse that Stalin chose to preserve Lenin's "bones." An age-old superstition held that saints do not decompose. A short distance from Lenin's mausoleum, in an antireligious museum in a former monastery, the decayed bodily relics of alleged Christian saints were on view. The moral was clear: Communist science can do what the old faith cannot.

In *State and Revolution*, a book he completed only months before he came to power, Lenin, referring to "great revolutionaries," wrote: "After their death, attempts are made to turn them into harmless icons, canonize them, and surround their names with a certain halo for the 'consolation' of the oppressed classes with the object of duping them. . . ." Most of his prophecies were mistaken, but this one proved remarkably accurate, a premonition of his own postmortem destiny. He has indeed been turned into an "icon," canonized, his most casual writings and banal utterances behaloed as Holy Writ to console and dupe an oppressed people. Though he had spoken of "thousands of mistakes" and assumed blame for them, he was credited with infallibility, his most palpable blunders explained as acts of genius.

Stalin and his factional confederates could not doubt, of course, that the enshrinement of a revolutionary's body would have seemed to Lenin as shocking and repulsive as it did to his wife when it was carried out. Such an idea would have violated not only Lenin's detestation of cultish rites but his well known passion for privacy and his aversion to flattery. Its sentimentality and particularly the overtones of idolatry would have cut sharply against the grain of his thinking and character.

Lenin was not simply an atheist. His abhorrence of anything beyond the limits of four-square materialism, anything that even implied a spiritual dimension, was obsessive. "Even flirting with the idea of a deity," he wrote to Maxim Gorky in 1908, "is an inexpressible abomination." In his one philosophical book, in 1909, he denounced everything that smacked of "fideism"—pure faith, religious intuition or experience. To be made the object of semireligious veneration would have seemed to him a cruel and humiliating fate.

Though he had a towering ego, Lenin despised the banalities of personal glory. Even his bitterest enemies agreed that

Mr. Lyons' The Red Decade *was recently reissued by Arlington House.*

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Cheerfully businesslike, the scientists removed the glass case, then proceeded to bend Lenin's ears, tweak his nose, and pinch his cheeks to show that the cadaver was not only genuine but as resilient as life

he was not vain in the conventional sense. One biographer, David Shub, titled a chapter on Lenin's character, "Dictator without Vanity." Another, Robert Conquest, credited him with "a lack of personal vanity or ambition." As Sidney Hook summed up the paradox in an essay on Lenin: "He wanted nothing for himself—except to determine the destiny of mankind."

AT THE peak of dictatorial power, Lenin resisted glorification of his person and recoiled from sycophancy. He never boasted of his achievements. As far as possible, he avoided celebrations in his honor; when forced to attend, he came late to avoid the eulogies, made the required speech, and hastily departed. Of the fawning praise in the Soviet press and his proliferating portraits and monuments he said: "I consider this completely un-Marxist emphasis on an individual extremely harmful. It is bad, entirely inadmissible and unnecessary." Short of stature, bald since his twenties, he certainly had no illusions about his physical appearance and never made any effort to enhance it. But in death—reduced to flesh, bone, and paraffin—he was put on display for reverent pilgrimages and as a tourist attraction!

The posthumous sanctification, in knowing and intentional contempt of his personality and lifestyle, points up the pathos of Lenin's career on the personal level. Dazzled by his one great "success," the seizure and retention of power, the world remains largely unaware of his failures and private suffering.

Lenin's long years as an obscure revolutionary, 15 of them as an emigré among strangers, were filled with frustrations. His following was minuscule, sometimes reduced to a few dozen. Unable to achieve inner balance and tranquility, he swung between periods of frenzied, supremely self-confident activity, when he neither ate nor slept—his times of "rage," Krupskaya called them—and periods of utter despondency and psychological prostration, often close to nervous breakdowns. Always he was tormented by insomnia, terrible headaches, chronic stomach pains. In the fanatic concentration on a single idea, he narrowed his life and intellect, by an act of will, denying himself friendships, pleasures, hobbies (chess, for example, which he loved and in which he excelled), artistic and cultural interests. Except in his years of Siberian exile, he never knew sustained happiness or peace of mind.

Nor did the attainment of absolute power over a vast nation bring him contentment. After the ecstatic hour of triumph, he faced more and greater frustrations—civil war, economic collapse, peasant uprisings, opposition of the proletariat in whose name he ruled, the dismal failure of his "war Communism," the galling restoration of capitalism in the New Economic Policy (NEP). He did not fully trust any of his lieutenants, not even Trotsky, and was constantly exasperated over what he considered the mediocrity of his entourage.

Lenin's faith that revolutions in Europe would save his own revolution was shattered, his attempt to "probe Europe with bayonets" by invading Poland was defeated. He came to believe, as he said in 1922, that "powerful forces have diverted the Soviet state from its proper course," and as he said earlier, that "the Party is sick." He railed at books portraying the new state in glowing colors as "detestable lies and hypocrisies." He had promised, "We will destroy everything, and on the ruins we will build our temple . . . for the happiness of all." Having accomplished the destruction, he failed in every attempt at construction—there was no sign of the temple, no happiness, least of all for him.

The veteran German Communist, Klara Zetkin, spent an hour with Lenin in early 1920, when he was at the apogee of his power. She would write: "While Lenin was speaking, his face shrunk before my eyes. Furrows, great and small, innumerable, engraved themselves deeply on it. And every furrow was drawn by a grave trouble or a grave pain. An expression of unspoken and unspeakable suffering was on his face. I was moved, shaken." A Lenin biographer, Robert Payne, has written: "Growing awareness of his own guilt and bewilderment before the monster he had created" in time gripped Lenin.

Then came the series of strokes that made his last two years of life a bed of pain and sorrow. He was tortured by disillusionment with the present and forebodings of disaster in the future. Though he was never opposed to terror and indeed was the chief architect of the Soviet terror system, he finally realized that the results were more appalling than he had foreseen: a million and a half killed in atrocities on both sides, five million dead in famine and plagues, more millions slaughtered in the civil war. Yet his hoped-for socialism was a shambles, presided over by what he continually denounced as an "oligarchy" of bureaucrats.

Outwardly, in the time of his protracted illness, the Bolshevik leaders remained obsequious. His authority, however, declined, his wishes were increasingly ignored, and he was helpless to influence the fierce struggle for the succession spurred by his impending death.

HIS MOST cunning detractor was Stalin, who had been undermining Lenin's role even before the first stroke by subtly spreading doubts about his wisdom. In the final year of Lenin's agony, Stalin became more and more critical and even defiant of the stricken dictator. "We must be firm with Lenin," he instructed Kamenev, one of his factional supporters. First guardedly and then, as Lenin's condition worsened, more openly, he derogated the invalid's views and intrigued for policies he knew Lenin opposed. He went so far as to insult Krupskaya obscenely in a telephone call, despite the fact—perhaps because of the fact—that the impertinence might hasten her husband's death.

In March of 1923, Lenin, who had already recommended the removal of Stalin as General Secretary of the monolithic ruling party, dictated a note announcing the severance

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LETTER FROM ATHENS

The Economic Countdown

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

A GRIM, pessimistic mood hangs over this ancient city. Martial law, rising prices, tight bank credits, and the oil crisis have combined to turn the habitually happy-go-lucky Greek into a melancholy introvert. The officers who overthrew George Papadopoulos and his newborn civilian government have tightened the screws. The press is strictly controlled and dissent stifled.

The new revolutionary council consists of 200 officers ranging in rank from brigadiers to majors. Their spokesman is Brigadier Demetrios Ioannides, head of the military police. He insists that all decisions be taken collectively; that there is to be no new cult of personality à la Papadopoulos. There seem to be three ideological trends within the revolutionary council. The first—antiroyalist, anti-Communist, politically incorruptible, and pro-NATO—believes the country suffers from the same ills that brought on the revolution of 1967, i.e., corrupt politicians, an irresponsible press, a continuing danger of Communist infiltration and civil strife. Its goal is to accomplish what the original takeover was supposed to have done, to purify the body politic and eventually make it possible for a return to a democratically elected government.

The second—the Qaddafists, as they are called—are anti-Communist, anticapitalist, and prosocialist. These are mostly the younger officers.

The third believes the nation's salvation depends on the return of ex-Premier Constantine Karamanlis. Karamanlis was premier off and on from 1955 to 1963, a period of relative political stability in Greece and of considerable economic growth. It was only when Karamanlis was replaced by George Papandreou in 1963 that there was a gradual slide into disorder which resulted, four years later, in the Colonels' coup. The Karamanlis faction doubts the military's ability to run the economy and there is no other politician they trust.

The coup came at a difficult time in Greece's economic development. Despite an apparently plentiful supply of oil, shopping crowds have vanished, nightclubs are in a slump, and streets empty early. The stock exchange has plunged, car sales are off, and banks have tightened credit.

Mr. Theodoracopulos covers the eastern Mediterranean for NR.

The figures speak for themselves. Before the sudden rise in the price of oil, Greece spent $700 million a year for petroleum. In 1974 it will cost her close to $3 billion. Meanwhile foreign investment has fallen off, Greek workers abroad are losing their jobs, and the merchant marine is in a slump. Compounding these ills, 1974 is the year in which past loans from foreign banks start to mature at a rate of $300 million per annum.

A quick and somewhat simplified economic breakdown: in 1973, Greece received $500 million in remittances from workers abroad, $500 million from tourism, $500 million from the merchant marine, and $800 million from exports. That total of $2.3 billion equaled the cost of her imports. In addition, she counted on $1 billion in industrial investment.

The outlook for 1974 in contrast shows few foreign investments, foreign remittances drastically curtailed, ditto revenues from shipping, while the tourists may or may not show up because of the oil crisis. But somehow Greece must dig up the $3 billion she will need for oil, plus cash for the usual imports of food, cars, spare parts, cottons, woolens, chemicals, etc.

WHERE WILL the money come from? Is there a leader who will take upon himself such a responsibility? How will the present military leaders handle the situation if the people go hungry, or essential utilities stop? With seven years of military rule behind him, the average Greek tends to blame the government for all his ills, including those, such as the oil situation, that it was not responsible for. It's my opinion that if the government has to call out the troops to restore order, the troops may mutiny rather than fire on the crowds. The situation could become acute within the next two months.

There is the feeling among a very large segment of the people that Constantine Karamanlis could bring about the instant economic recovery of the country. But he himself is doubtful. When I talked to him in his modest flat in Paris, he asked: "What could I do even if they would let me govern as I saw fit? The old politicians would be up to their usual tricks. The Communists would agitate, and I would need dictatorial powers. If the Americans did not give me an immediate and enormous amount of credit I too would fail on the economic front." The last time, in fact, that Karamanlis ruled Greece, he was democratically elected but ended up ruling with an iron hand.

AT PRESENT most people have resigned themselves to political stagnation—and will probably stay resigned if the economy holds up. The army rule is more repressive than in the final month of the Papadopoulos regime, but still it is relatively mild. What most people fear is that the students will start something, something that might this time, if the economic picture is sufficiently bleak, turn into an extremist united front. This in turn might bring to power either the Communists and their allies or the young and arrogant Qaddafists. It is this uncertainty that has suddenly changed those marvelous Greek smiles into uncharacteristic scowls. □

Dear Post Office: RSVP

Despite the pledge of your noble quotation
From Herodotus, Father of History,
What you do with our daily allocation
Of first class (and other) mail is a mystery,
For if neither rain, snow, heat, or gloom of night
Stays your couriers from their rounds, give me a buzz
And tell me (since I just can't wait for you to write)
What does?

—CORINNA MARSH

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FROM A PEKING EMBASSY

Why Is America Unloved?

NURI EREN

FEW COUNTRIES are as widely misunderstood, misinterpreted, and misspoken of as the United States. Neither friend nor foe spares her. Some challenge her ways, others question her purposes. She is called mercenary and missionary, extravagant and miserly, impatient, imprudent, unwise. Yet even her wildest detractors subconsciously recognize her as the most successful society in achieving the broadest distribution of affluence.

We must recognize that unlike any other country in history the United States is present in the daily lives of men everywhere. Recently on an island in the Persian Gulf I looked out the window of the Hilton Hotel and saw an American truck carrying vegetables and fruits to the market. The dust it raised enveloped the American bulldozers building a new highway. The hotel carpark was crowded with American cars. One of the two movie houses was topped by a portrait of Marlon Brando; the other proudly announced a new John Wayne film. In the pharmacy close by, a Squibb girl smiled at passersby with ivory teeth; in the small, sandy newsstand, Nixon's picture stared out of the front page of the local paper, and American starlets winked from the covers of Arabic magazines. Few of the inhabitants had ever met an American —and yet their daily lives were permeated by American influences.

This dot in the Persian Gulf is typical of towns all over the world. Even in Communist societies, the daily barrage of anti-American news keeps individuals conscious of the American presence.

What is significant, however, is the infectious nature of this universal influence. Even innocent contacts with American ideas and products stir cultural and social controversies. For instance, American comics are often condemned as corruptive of youth. A couple of years ago Sicilian matrons boycotted American cosmetics and lingerie because of their alleged evil influence on their daughters. In the Far East and Latin America, where the absolute authority of the husband over

the wife and of parents over children is accepted as the natural order, there is a widespread tendency to ascribe youthful misbehavior to American jazz, American cars, and American art.

In more sophisticated societies the American impact strikes deeper. The old nations are attached to the established order in which change is slow and self-propelling. America's impact challenges this gradualism with a compulsive drive to alter the existing order.

The pervasive importance of the American economy compounds this cultural shock. No national treasury, no individual pocket is immune. Failure of the American wheat crop or a strike in Detroit stirs anxieties from one end of the world to the other. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber in *The American Challenge* predicts that in 15 years American industry in Europe will become the third industrial power in the world.

In underdeveloped areas, economic interdependence deepens into dependence. In many of the new nations of Asia and Africa, American aid is the vital margin between economic viability and bankruptcy. The way American economic assistance is offered compounds the impact of dependence. The Foreign Assistance Act of 1966 requires "the encouragement of democratic private and local governmental institutions" and thus draws the United States into the domestic problems of the recipient countries.

THE misunderstandings spawned by America's pervasive economic and cultural influence are further enhanced by her political and military might. As the superpower with her finger on the atomic trigger, America's every word is heard the world over. When, as often happens, her voice is confused or self-contradictory, what she says is doubted, misunderstood, and misinterpreted. For all her influence, America seems unable to present the world with a true image of herself.

Foreign newspapers, magazines, and television screens overflow with American misdeeds: political corruption, diplomatic ineptitude, economic exploitation, military intervention. The world gets a warped image in which America's values and virtues are hidden behind a smoke screen of vices and failures.

The ultimate source of these misconceptions is—the American media, carefully followed by foreign newsmen. America's perception of herself is dented with doubts about her own worth. Unlike the British, who find justification of their ultimate values in their worst blunders, Americans find faults in their best deeds. Shakespeare turned the goriest pages of English history into glorious epics; the story of the conquest of the American West, one of the best instances of man's indomitable will to conquer nature, has been

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Mr. Eren, Turkey's ambassador in Peking, served before that for many years as ambassador to the United Nations.

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GERHART NIEMEYER

Crisis and Renewal

THERE IS a "crisis of confidence," right? Right. Caused by political stupidities, corrosion of morality, defects of personality? No answer. Nobody rightly knows. The attempts to overcome the crisis are groping and uncertain, at best. President Nixon's recipe seems to counsel political rhetoric; but then symbolism and appearances have always played an excessively large role in his public actions. One may even say that his vaunted detente amounts to little more than a "let's pretend" agreement. Nixon's opponents, at least those with the best intentions, rely on the courts; they desire the certainties of court orders, court-sanctioned proofs, judges' verdicts. Both sides essentially seek a mobilization of power as a remedy for a lack of power. Each side hopes to overwhelm the other by sheer weight.

This is no way to recover confidence; the country is bound to lose. The crisis is rooted in the politicization of ethics. When political leaders begin to see their own political ends as implicitly and ultimately good, they erase the boundary line between political success and virtue. The good, morally speaking, ceases to operate as the yardstick of judgment and criticism; it becomes absorbed into the vortex of political success. The political begins to cover things which by right are beyond and above politics. And eventually all of human life becomes subservient to political interest and no criterion for judgment is allowed. Then the bond of "public faith," as Burke called it, begins to wither.

Ethical Codes?

Renewal, then, must transcend politics. Political reforms as such can work out only if the moral substance that binds people's hearts and minds is intact. Nor can help come from "codes of ethics" drawn up by suitable committees. Ethical codes in themselves are a symptom of moral erosion. As attempts at something like informal legislation they have a political character and operate essentially in the power sphere. Where, then, to turn for help? Solzhenitsyn provides the hint of an answer in his remarkable short story "Matryona's House" in *We Never Make Mistakes*. Matryona, the poor, old misfit peasant woman, never thought of collecting material goods because she thought not of herself but of the good; her life was governed by love of the good, up to the day when, helping others, she died tragically in an accident. "We all lived beside her," the story closes, "and never understood that she was that righteous one without whom, according to the proverb, no village can stand. Nor any city. Nor our whole land." Matryona invented no ethical code. She bore witness to the good that is, to Him who alone is good, to the meaning of human life. A witness unarmed, certainly not "empowered," utterly bereft of any means of pressure, or manipulation, or intimidation.

Our Martyrs

Let us remember, in that context, the Roman Empire. Various emperors attempted to cure the creeping political malaise by changing and shifting the institutions of power, all to no avail. Renewal finally came, with the example of the Christian martyrs, who so impressed one emperor that he committed the entire public order to the faith thus manifested. "Martyr" means precisely "to be a witness," and early Christians, far from protesting, rioting, or conspiring, simply bore personal witness to the goodness that *is*. Now Solzhenitsyn reminds us that our age also has known its martyrs. Far less spectacular than those who once died in public arenas, and yet fully as courageous—those who under the terror of totalitarian regimes simply conducted themselves by the standards of decency, when most others yielded to secret police pressure and committed acts of cruelty and treachery which in any normal society would have been abhorrent to them. In the days of Hitler's monstrous final solution of the Jewish problem, in the darkest years of persecution under Stalin, a community of decent people survived, people who regarded their own lives and liberty as less important than the good which their souls acknowledged. Not all were Christians, or even religious in a formal sense. By their actions, however, they testified to the good that is higher than politics, higher than mere existence, that ultimately governs man's destiny.

The totalitarian ideologies of our time elevate political ends to the rank of the highest, ultimate good. Communists believe that the socialist revolution, mankind's "emancipation," is the sole yardstick for all human actions, and that the party leading that revolutionary enterprise has preeminent right to all men's support, in the interest of total success. The Nazis saw the cause of the Nordic master race as an enterprise of supreme benefit to all, to which all other considerations must remain subordinate. In both cases we saw the politicization of ethics, religion, science, art, sports—in short, of every aspect of human life they could get at. In pointing to a creeping politicization of morality in our country, I am not saying that we are on the brink of totalitarianism. That is the name for movements which invest politics with the character of religion. So far, no such monster romps through our land, nor is one visible on the horizon. Rather, our sad case is that, in the words of Hooker, we are "loosely through silence" permitting "things to pass away as in a dream." We are enamoured of corporate success and disdainfully pass over the lonely act of integrity through which souls could pay their homage to goodness as such. Our imagination is full of the triumph of megaworks, of technical know-how and organizational efficiency, the kind of triumph that we expect also in politics. Once the substance of our order has begun to drain through that manhole, however, renewal can come only from the strengths welling up in souls still capable of hearing the still, small voice that whispers eternal truth. □

Mr. Niemeyer is a professor of political philosophy at Notre Dame.

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RUSSELL KIRK

On Being Sexually Educated

DO PUBLIC SCHOOL PUPILS and their parents still enjoy the right not to have their sexual morals and mores dictated by the public school apparatus? Or are all children, in effect, governed by a kind of state establishment of antireligion, whose dogmas of "sex education" have become part and parcel of our system of compulsory public instruction? Those questions are raised by two court cases in Michigan at present.

The first case has been filed in a federal district court against Michigan's superintendent of public instruction. It is brought by two Michigan zealots for public instruction about birth control and sex, represented by a lawyer from the Population Law Center of San Francisco. This suit argues that a Michigan statute of 1949 is unconstitutional because it prohibits instruction about birth control in Michigan's public schools; also the suit challenges a later Michigan statute by the provisions of which parents may withdraw their offspring from classes where sex education is taught.

The latter argument, if triumphant, would establish de facto a state-decreed new orthodoxy in matters sexual. That would be a kind of inverted orthodoxy of license; the dogma is sufficiently expressed in the recent "Humanist Manifesto II" promulgated by heirs of John Dewey (which "humanism," let us remember, has nothing to do with the humanism of people like Erasmus and More, say). Take this passage from Humanist Manifesto II:

"In the area of sexuality, we believe that intolerant attitudes, often cultivated by orthodox religious and puritanical cultures, unduly repress sexual conduct. The right to birth control, abortion, and divorce should be recognized. While we do not approve of exploitive, denigrating forms of sexual expression, neither do we wish to prohibit, by law or social sanction, sexual behavior between consenting adults. The many varieties of sexual exploration should not in themselves be considered 'evil' . . ."

The question at issue, in fine, is whether the sexual opinions of secular humanism should be imposed upon all pupils in public schools, regardless of whether the children and their parents subscribe to such opinions. The plaintiffs in this first Michigan suit would compel all pupils to be so instructed.

Yet God rest ye merry, gentlemen; let nothing you dismay. A lawsuit of a contrary character is being taken up in Michigan's Court of Appeals. This latter case is *Hobolth* v. *Howell School District*. That school district, despite widespread protest by local parents, has been attempting to impose sex education (under another name) upon its pupils—a particularly stupid and gross program of sex education. The plaintiff, Mr. Hayes M. Hobolth, maintains that the Michigan statute (1968) authorizing sex education programs is unconstitutional, on a variety of grounds.

Mr. Hobolth has retained as attorney Mr. William B. Ball, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a gentleman much accustomed to school cases, particularly those concerned with questions of religion. Mr. Ball it was who persuaded the Supreme Court of the United States to exempt Amish children from compulsion to attend public secondary schools. The large boulder which Mr. Ball thus tossed into the pond of compulsory instruction still continues to send ripples outward in great circles. For instance, the very recent recommendations of the National Commission on the Reform of Secondary Education urge us to abolish the compulsory attendance statutes, in part because the Amish case makes their constitutionality questionable.

First, says Mr. Ball's brief, the Michigan statute of 1968, which empowers the state to instruct children concerning sex and family life, is unconstitutional because it interferes with the natural rights of parents in matters of familial privacy. Second, it is unconstitutional because it ignores children's rights of privacy. Third, it is unconstitutional because vague and unlimited—"just how the sex-pop people want it." Fourth, it is unconstitutional because it denies religious liberty to parents and children. Fifth, the act is unconstitutional because it establishes a religion of secularism, the creed of "Secular Humanism."

Simply exempting from such programs the children of people who object to state sex education will not suffice, the Hobolth lawyers argue. They have plenty of Supreme Court precedents on their side—including those notable decisions against compulsory (or prescribed, rather) prayer in public schools. Thus the "sex-pop" suit against Michigan's superintendent of public instruction would force sex education upon everybody; while the Hobolth suit against Howell School District would remove sex education altogether from the curricula of Michigan's public schools. The precedents, state and federal, favor Hobolth.

WHY DO parents like Mr. Hobolth object to having their children taught the Facts of Life in school? Well, the documented Hobolth brief shows why. Here is one passage:

"Instructors employed by the Howell public school system testified that the instruction which they provided under the program included detailed description of male and female sexual organs, of sexual intercourse (and the pleasures derived therefrom), including for boys and girls of junior high school age 'the complete mechanics of the act of intercourse.' Children 12 to 14 years of age were instructed with respect to 'the place, the position, and the use of sexual organs in the act of copulation,' and this was with the approval of the Board of Education."

A Hobolth witness, Dr. Forrest Stevenson Jr., an experienced marriage counselor, says that such courses infect young people with a precocious sexuality: "There will be a lot of kids withdrawing to the sexual daydream."

Horace Mann, who shaped America's public schools, wrote in 1838 that public education "shall lead to a subjection and conformity of all our appetites, propensities, and sentiments to the Will of Heaven." We've come a long way, babies. But the enthusiasts for Dr. Kinsey's "sexual outlets" may have reckoned without Mr. William Ball. □

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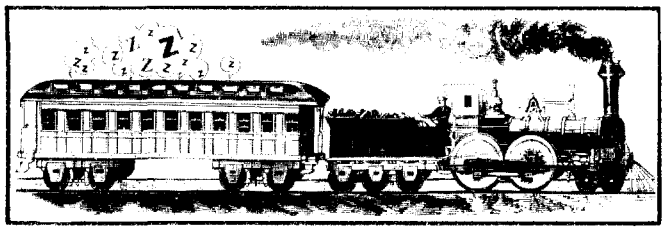

Sleepy-eyed commuters, rattling along in the 7:23, clutching their coffee containers, are all too familiar with the legend embossed on the cups in greekish lettering: "it's a pleasure to serve you." It probably doesn't mean much drinking weak coffee in the daylight-savings darkness of early morning, but that hackneyed phrase can be of consequence to NR readers, because, in our case, it is true.

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Arts & Manners

TRAVEL

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The Blue Train

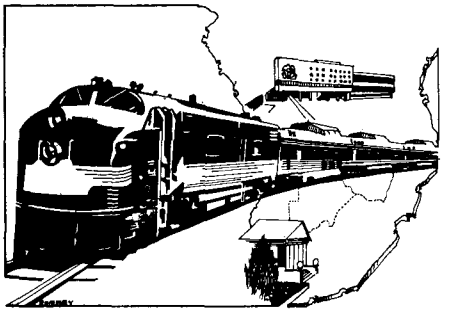
I am as sold on plane travel as the next man, but I do believe that something precious and memorable went out of our lives with the decline of the luxury passenger train.

When I was a boy, trains—and above all, on trips overnight or longer, Pullman sleeping cars—were indisputably the way to travel. My earliest memories of lengthy journeys with my parents are redolent of the sights and sounds, even the smells, of the great trains. The huge, hissing engine; the steps too tall for a little boy; the narrow, car-length corridor; the stiff dark green upholstery of the compartment; the musical clank and clatter of the wheels along the tracks; the authoritative note of the train's whistle; the telephone poles, the cornfields, the crossings, the villages whizzing by. I can still see the heavy white napery in the dining car, and feel that thick, baroque silverware. The Great Age of Train Travel lasted barely a century, but I am glad I shared at least a part of it.

Not, of course, that passenger trains are even yet wholly a thing of the past. Somewhere out West, beyond my ken, I am sure that Amtrak must still operate some loss-leader that can be pointed to with reasonable pride. And in Europe, where the distances ordinarily traveled by men (and women!) of affairs are shorter, the railroads have held their own, and are very definitely to be preferred to air travel if time is not a factor. Finally there is Japan, which maintains the swiftest train serivce on earth on its famous Tokaido Line (from Tokyo to Nagoya, Kyoto, and Osaka); its "limited expresses" regularly hit 110 mph or even higher on the straightaways.

But the idea of traveling really long distances by train, in circumstances of true luxury, is fast becoming one with Nineveh and Tyre. Which brings me to the Blue Train, God bless it.

From Johannesburg to Cape Town is about 800 miles as a South African crow (if there were such a thing) would fly, or just under 1,000 by the narrow-gauge track of the South African Railways. The 727s of South African Airways cover the distance in about the time it takes to fly from New York to Chicago—say, one and a half or two hours; and that was how I had invariably made the trip on my previous visits to South Africa. But this past September, being in no special hurry, I decided to take the famous train.



It was a good thing that I decided well in advance, for the Blue Train (there are, to be sure, many other and lesser trains) ordinarily runs only once a week each way—Mondays southbound and Wednesdays northbound—and the 108 accommodations are invariably booked solid several months ahead. The journey south begins at 10 A.M. from Pretoria, South Africa's "administrative capital" 40 miles north of Johannesburg; but I was waiting on the platform of Johannesburg's great central station when the 16-coach train, painted royal blue, glided in. My car and room number had been posted on the platform bulletin board, and a nattily uniformed attendant welcomed me aboard. Promptly at 11:30, with the noiseless grace of an ocean liner, the Blue Train pulled out of Johannesburg.

I looked around my spacious room. The train, drawn by a powerful electric locomotive, was almost silkily silent; the vibration and noise I had always associated with train travel were nearly gone. The upholstery was blue; the fixtures, a golden color. The window—wide and spotlessly clean—was almost imperceptibly tinted with a microscopic layer of gold, to deflect heat and glare. A venetian blind rose, fell, and tilted as I controlled a knob. Another knob regulated the air-conditioning; still others, the four radio entertainment channels and their volume. My private bath boasted a shower; but here I was conscious of sitting below the salt, as it were: if I had been traveling with a wife, we could have had a suite composed of a sitting room, a bedroom with twin beds, and a private bath *with tub*! We bachelors have to rough it.

If such gloomy reflections depress you (and, to tell the truth, they never even occurred to me at the time), you can buzz for the car attendant. He has a phone in his office, and will gladly use it to ask the dining car or the bar to send along refreshments to your room. My guess, though, is that you will want to drop back to the lounge car and have your cocktail there before proceeding to the dining car for lunch.

There are dining cars and dining cars. This one, however—in keeping with the general principle of the Blue Train—is the last word. Fresh flowers, for instance, on every table. Two sittings to choose from at lunch and dinner—and your seat, once chosen, thereafter reserved for you. First-rate food, and above all those truly splendid South African wines. (The Nederburg Selected Cabernet, for example, belongs well along toward the top of any international ranking.)

Outside the gold-layered windows, the veld is gliding by—flat, tawny, limitless, under that vast African sky. And "gliding"—not rushing. This is no "flier," trying to beat the Japanese for some railroad equivalent of the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic. The train's top speed is a very respectable 110 kilometers per hour (equal to about 70 mph),

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William A. Rusher *recently returned from a round-the-globe journey. . . .* **David Brudnoy** *is basking in the Caribbean. . . .* **Nika Hazelton** *is working on a new non-cookbook.*

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but this is reached only during the night hours. For the rest, speeds of 60, 50, and even 40 mph are quite common, and thoroughly in keeping with the train's general atmosphere. If you can afford to ride the Blue Train, it seems to be suggesting, you are not a person who needs to hurry; your affairs in Cape Town will wait patiently for you.

Back in your room at last, after a final South African brandy with some new friends in the lounge car (remember to specify "KWV Ten Year Old"), you will find your bed prepared, as you had instructed. Now for a comfortable night's sleep, rocked gently by the motion of the train.

There were three stops (including Kimberley, the diamond center) before bedtime, and three more while I slept. When I awoke about 7:45 A.M., we had just left Touwsriver (right on schedule), and the scenery had changed dramatically. The highveld was now hundreds of miles behind us—and far above us, for we had descended nearly 4,000 feet since leaving Johannesburg, and would descend another 2,000 before reaching Cape Town. All around us now were the mountains that make Cape Province one of the loveliest parts of Africa. Over breakfast in the dining car I watched as the Blue Train curved and recurved through the beautiful Hex River valley—yellow with mimosa in the quickening September of the southern hemisphere's spring. On every side, the vines in their geometric rows awaited the sweet burden of the grapes.

Now at last the towns were growing larger and closer together. And over there, through that haze to the southwest, was that?—yes, there was Table Mountain, with a white fringe of "tablecloth" clinging to its top. The Blue Train curved around its base, picked its way deliberately, almost daintily, through the maze of rail lines in the outer yards, and drew to a final stop in Cape Town Station. You could have set your watch by that action: precisely 11:30 A.M.

Civility, in its sense of sheer *consideration*, is not so common in the world any more that we can afford to take it for granted; and I think it is the civility of the Blue Train that I like, even more than its indisputable luxury. Somebody has so obviously taken care to attend to every detail. Given the South African context, I think it is important to add that the delights of the Blue Train are available to both whites and nonwhites. That is a comforting thought, and makes one hope, if only against hope, that a day may come when the whole mighty continent and all its people may know a comparable felicity. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Woody Redivivus

In his excellent study of movie comedy, *The Comic Mind* (1973), Gerald Mast caught the essence of Woody Allen's genius: "conceptual parodies . . . of social attitudes and psychological stereotypes, of television and film genres, styles, and conventions, even of specific film sequences and television programs—with surrealistic gags, jokes, wild situations, unlikely characters, and anything else that seems to occur to Allen at the time." I can't put it any better than Professor Mast, who also zeroes in on Allen's Langdonesque use of the *look* of his body for cinema magic.

But of late Woody Allen seemed to have played himself out. His *Everything You've Always Wanted to Know about Sex but Were Afraid to Ask* (reviewed here, October 27, 1972) was a monumental bore, funny only in widely spaced moments, a conception—the final putdown of Dr. Reuben's idiotic book—too large for its realization even at the hands of the usually sublime Allen. The film skirted colossal tastelessness and offended as much as, or more than, it satirized; it looked to me then as if Allen might have taken off on the Milton Berle route to eternal grossness and repetition.

Happily, I erred. *Sleeper*, Woody's latest, is, if not Woody's greatest, at least a return to form, an intricately fashioned, constantly witty, far-reaching assault on convention and fad; it is also a breakthrough for its maker and star, in that he has mastered the art of the sight gag, à la Keaton and Chaplin, and if this keeps up he will inevitably rank with those pioneers as—surprise!—a silent film great.

As always, the situation pits the innocent schmuck against the forces of sophistication. In for a minor operation, our Woody is inadvertently frozen for 200 years, awakened in 2173 to a world of unenlightened but pleasure-providing despotism: keep your nose clean, the masters (and their leader, who sits in a wheelchair like that man in the White House of blessed memory) say, and all is yours in creature comforts. All energy in this negative utopia has been drained from the citizens, even the urge to sex: a machine provides that, and a metal ball cupped in the hands gives the psychedelic high those bothersome weeds and pills provide now.

To this world Woody brings his down to earth experiences in New York, his recollections of the greats of the time—Norman Mailer? "He left his ego to science"; a videotape of Howard Cosell? "Oh yes, that was used as punishment, people had to watch it if they were bad"—and his now passé taste for freedom. It is a world turned on its head, where cigarettes, high-calorie food, and all of today's no-nos are considered good, while the biodegradable peanut butter fads of the 1970s have been discovered to be bad for your health. There is also a neat little underground filled with obnoxious idealists spouting Marxian verities, which bits of redundant wisdom Woody firmly puts down as no better than the statist omnipresent society the revolutionaries hope to topple.

Cloning has been perfected, and now it's needed: an explosion has obliterated the Leader, all but his nose, from which Science is set to reconstruct him whole. Naturally, Woody, having escaped the cops, finds himself mistaken for the great surgeon who will construct Big Brother from the proboscis. It is a delight throughout, as delicious a satire on our social inanities and grotesqueries as we've seen in years. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Europe on $100 a Day

Travel in Europe is no longer what it once was. The Europe of the economic vacation does not exist any more, except perhaps for some isolated spots in the Eastern Mediterranean, and even there one must be willing to camp and live on the poorest native level. In spite of all its current difficulties (and all the ensu-

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ing inconveniences for residents and visitors), Europe is no longer the place where all Americans could make like the rich. Deluxe restaurants and deluxe clothes were cheap then by American standards; the natives were happy having a buck or two slipped to them while they pulled at their forelocks. The delightful little *pensions* in Switzerland and Spain gave you three meals a day for a trifle, and the porters at airports and railroad stations fought to get your trade. The local shoemaker would rebuild your shoes like new, and lovely antiques were to be had for hard bargaining, a sport the natives enjoyed and expected. The hotel chambermaid was happy with an American lipstick and a pair of American nylons, and the best table in a restaurant was automatically given to Americans.

All this, dear friends, is gone, gone, gone. French and German women now buy clothes at prices their American sisters cannot afford, or at least find shockingly high. The jewelry and watch shops of Zurich's Bahnhofstrasse have signs in Japanese and sales personnel fluent in that language, because the Japanese are now the new Americans when it comes to spending. French and Italian deluxe sweaters and shoes are bought without a second thought by German and Scandinavian women, as are the antiques or the avant-garde furniture made by the Milan designers. The super restaurants cater to Europe's super tycoons and their furred and bejeweled ladies, who are the ones to order the 1929 Mouton Rothschild, the lobster, and the caviar, without blinking at prices which are high even for fancy American restaurants. Chambermaids and porters in hotels go on the numberless group tours to all parts of the world; the last one I spoke to as she made my bed in Cortona, a small Tuscan town, had just been on a three-week trip to the United States, which she had been curious to see. And if you buy a kilo of peaches—that is, a little over two pounds—in the open market in Rome, at the height of the peach season, it will cost you 50 cents a pound; a small chicken from the rotisserie, almost three dollars.

I kept house in the Tuscan countryside last summer, as I had kept house in Rome the summers before, and in those three years I spent 50 per cent more for food than I would have in the United States. Meat prices in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are still higher than here. All this is said to make you, dear readers, who are contemplating a trip to Europe, accept the fact that it is not going to be cheap. And sad as it is, I think that group tours are considerably more economical than trying to make it on your own. At least you are sure to get a bed and transportation.

Speaking of transportation, now that gas is even more expensive in Europe than it has been, more people will travel by train and by bus. European trains and buses are very good; they run frequently and to most places. But they are crowded beyond belief, especially at vacation time, when the Europeans themselves travel all over Europe (flying within Europe is still very expensive). It is worst during the movement of migrant workers throughout Europe, all the Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Turks, and North Africans going home for a vacation from their working places in Germany and Switzerland and France. They go at the end of July and come back the end of August, jamming the through trains. The roads also are jammed with cars bringing home vacationers. I know that to get out of a train in Italy at this time you have to prepare yourself at least a station before the one you want to get off at, climbing over the bodies. Last year, my slender daughter-in-law was lifted out of a window onto the platform for simplicity's sake, and her son followed her the same way. In Switzerland, things are more orderly; in Germany, France, and Spain they are not.

Porters are a vanishing breed in all but major stations like Milan and Zurich, and even there you have to wait or struggle. You leave your suitcases with your travel companion and sprint in search of a porter. If you are alone, either you lug your own luggage or, if you are an older party on a stick like me, a considerate gentleman or lady will help you, one as much as the other. Last year I was at Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany, to look at the very impressive relics of Charlemagne, church and art objects. I had made the mistake of having two small bags, one more than I could carry since I walk with a stick. A kind lady had helped me off the train, taking the bags to the luggage check room, going downstairs and up again as you do when you change platforms. When it was time to take the next train, I inquired for a porter or some help at the station. Not one of the people—mostly young men—around was willing to be paid for carrying two small suitcases to the train. Finally, they notified the Red Cross in Aix-la-Chapelle, who sent a lady to help me. Both she and the railroad people felt and said this was the proper thing, because railroad people don't carry bags and Red Cross people will. I must say that I had better luck in France, but not in Italy. There, a friend of mine traveled with me to Milan from Zurich to help me change trains. A good thing too, because there wasn't a porter in sight.

The only thing that makes all this bearable is that Europeans are more used to the lame and halt than Americans, wars having taught them to have some charity. What the summer taught me is never again take more luggage than I can carry myself, and if there are any bags, forward them by mail, which does work rather well except in Italy, where chaos reigns. Last year, I was stuck in Florence for three days because the train reservations people were on strike, and I could not face the usual assault for a train seat. Yet, once you have a reservation, train travel and bus travel are pleasant. You can get food, if not on the train, at the stations, including very good hot lasagne in Bologna, served on a little paper tray. The people are generally nice, and what's more, you get places at no excessive cost. A Europass is a good idea: with it you can get on a train without having to stand in long, long lines for tickets (which you must get before boarding).

So, if you go—and it is fun, in spite of everything—arm yourself with fortitude, carry little luggage but much money, don't blanch if a Roman trattoria meal costs at least five dollars per person, don't tip for services not rendered or when the check includes a 15 per cent service charge (leave a few coins if you must, though the Swiss, for instance, don't), carry something to read, and, above all, don't expect to be something special just because you are American. □

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BOOKS

Exasperating Brilliance

The Eye of the Storm
By Patrick White
Viking, 608 pp., $8.95

D. KEITH MANO

Few have the talent for a monastic vocation; perhaps twice that number are equipped to read properly *The Eye of the Storm*. Australian Patrick White, 1973 Nobel laureate, exacts the kind of steadfast application, over windbreaking distances, that one might afford Shakespeare's 73rd sonnet. It's a novel you can't put down: but not for the jacket blurb reasons. *Eye* seems to have changed modes, moved on, while you slept. Its subtle yet dynamic flow requires sustained attention, sustained enthusiasm. Lift the needle once or twice and your Bach fugue has lost its integrity. But a 600-page fugue is possibly more monstrous than beautiful. It's as easy to be irked or bloody bored by Patrick White as it is to be astonished by him. If you cooperate, magnificence can be tedious, or tedium magnificent. White is, without conditional clause, brilliant. And exasperating.

The premise is so conventional it seems an imposition. Rich woman, once beautiful and electric, is moribund, bedridden, an "almost chrysalis." Children, middle-aged brother and sister, return to supervise their inheritance. Three nurses, one housekeeper, one faithful, elderly lawyer. What, again? You wonder why anyone would care to read, let alone to write at length about such stereotypic components. Divide events into pages and very little has happened. But very little happens at the shore until—after so many hours of inconsequential lapping—you perceive that the tide has gone out and there is a new shoal geography: immense and striking. White, I suspect, limits his attack to the superfamiliar, as Henry Moore limited so much of his sculpture to reclining women, because events subtract from intensity, from subjective penetration. There are horizontal and vertical novels. Let plot represent the east-west coordinates of your fictional graph, then *Eye* sets an equation that will form steep parabolas along the north-south axis: characterization in depth. It is one way of writing a novel. Frankly, not my favorite, but valid. White has mastered it.

Chrysalis is an apt image for Elizabeth Hunter. At each character she flaunts the promise of a grace-filled metamorphosis. Her purblind, enervated person is variously a totem, a holy wafer, a spring sacrifice. She has experienced fiercely—at the eye of a terrible cyclone, for example—and has caused fierce experience in others. This promise is accepted or rejected as courage warrants. Her self-indulgent children reject, but even they, unbalanced by her terrific presence, shuck self for one sublime, though fleeting, instant. Three nurses—De Santis, Manhood, Badgery—symbolize three stages of appreciation: the religious, the sexual, the commonplace. You understand perhaps the spiritual and artistic decathlon that Patrick White has committed his genius to. A grotesque apprentice corpse must be so endowed with Messianic gifts. I can't imagine anything more ticklish or impracticable. Yet he manages.

Style in *The Eye of the Storm* is an instrument of faith. It adds sanction, as style in the King James version seems to provide a unique, auxiliary grace. White can be marvelous at page level: metaphor, rhythm, perception. His writing is dense; you hold your breath from capital letter to period. "Their leaves looked as though jaded by peroxide rather than thrilled by autumn." "Crutch-heavy males who came to discuss wool and meat; so slow and ponderous, like rams dragging their sex through a stand of lucerne." But for every two sentences, you get one of the following: "When there was some condition she knew she had aspired to above the placid waters of marriage the eruptions of adultery finally hatred of her own aspirant." Not to mention the occasional arch and sententious aphorism: "A travesty of course, but you can't condemn artifice without dismissing the whole of art." Seems a sharp insight at first reading; the second reading makes it questionable; the third, simply false.

Problem is: one can seldom distinguish White's third person omniscient from his several first persons. And I'm not pleased by his obsessive use of the drowsy mind: "Whatever else parents, parents are given to whether you like it the one her bones crumbling the other a rifle in his mouth. . . ." Its small virtues do not compensate me for the inconvenience of an impenetrable syntax. Ultimately the hero of this novel is not Elizabeth Hunter, but Patrick White himself: as Milton himself must surely be the hero of *Paradise Lost*. If style is credible—with its idiosyncratic, intense description of inner states—then Elizabeth Hunter and the acolytes who serve her body will also be credible.

D. Keith Mano's *latest book is* The Bridge. . . . **Jack Chatfield** *teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford, Connecticut. . . . Both* **John Coyne** *and* **Aram Bakshian** *are on the speechwriting staff at the White House. . . .* **Alan Reynolds** *is* NR*'s resident economist.*

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And they are certainly credible. Yet White's success is as much the product of good reading as it is of good writing. With normal distractions I functioned at 60 per cent capacity. The average reader will be fortunate to tack on another 10 per cent. Vicissitudes of human concentration, the rich complexity of his style, limit Patrick White's effectiveness and his audience. □

The Politics of Massive Resistance
By Francis M. Wilhoit
Braziller, 320 pp., $8.95
Judge: The Life and Times of Leander Perez
By James Conaway
Knopf, 204 pp., $6.95

SOUTHERN DISCONTINUITIES

JACK CHATFIELD

To countless Americans, the South is what Burma was to George Orwell: a place remote from the metropolis, overgrown with culture, where one could experience the weight of the past and confront a massive social evil. To outsiders and to many Southerners, caste segregation was so glaring a wrong (like British colonialism in Upper Burma) that one felt clarified or even cleansed by being exposed to it. One felt the elemental struggle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness. Conscience burned brightly in the night, like Huck Finn's after he deceived the slave catchers into believing there was smallpox and not an escaped slave aboard the raft. Unlike Huck Finn, an adolescent struggling to overcome his culture, the missionary intellectuals who fought segregation often cultivated their consciences like a garden, in the Thoreauvian manner.

The "central theme" of Southern history, as Ulrich B. Phillips wrote over 40 years ago, is race, and practically every work of Southern history or sociology is in some degree an exploration of that theme. If so many books about the South (including Olmsted's *Cotton Kingdom* and Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*) seem works of "exposure," it is because any description of the culture of race in the South is an "exposure" of it. C. Vann Woodward is right when he says that guilt has haunted the white South since the time of slavery. It is striking that many Southerners who move from regional to national prominence leave their allegedly deep-seated racism behind them. The lone dissenter in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, the "separate but equal" case that the Supreme Court decided in 1896, was John Marshall Harlan, a former slaveholder. His words read today as if they might have been taken from an NAACP brief of the 1950s.

It is ironic that, at a time when the Second Reconstruction is in full swing, when interposition is as dead as Calhoun, when Ross Barnett and Orville Faubus have been forgotten and George Wallace is consorting with the black (and miscegenating) mayor of Tuskegee—it is ironic that at this time a political history of massive resistance to school integration and a biography of Leander Perez should appear. The South has always been seen as the region with a continuous past. Yet as one reads about Judge Perez and the integration crises of the late Fifties and early Sixties, one wonders at the change that is sweeping the South. One agrees with Woodward that the *discontinuities* of Southern history need examining. The post-civil rights era may demonstrate that the South is more vulnerable to social revolution than any other part of America. What, then, was "massive resistance," and who was Leander Perez?

Part of Francis M. Wilhoit's *The Politics of Massive Resistance* was presented "in quite a different form" as a PhD dissertation at Harvard in 1958. At that time it seemed as though the South might take desperate measures to resist "the supreme law of the land." Indeed, there were some desperate and bloody confrontations, and Wilhoit faithfully and ably describes them. Yet the striking thing is that the movement was dispersed by federal marshals and court orders. Americans who were shocked to see Southern governors and legislators threatening to defy federal judges, and who read with horror about the riots at Old Miss, overestimated the strength and determination of the "massive resistance." In the final analysis, the South was reluctant to place itself outside the law.

To raise such points is to question the value of Wilhoit's book. He has doggedly summarized every school law passed by Southern legislatures since the *Brown* decision of 1954. He has outlined the history of the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens' Councils. He has given us a "typology" of resisters that classifies segregationist spokesmen like Senator Byrd ("a tutelary genius"), Marvin Griffin of Georgia ("a charismatic demagogue"), and Virginia's Lindsey Almond ("a pragmatic self-aggrandizer"). He has even sketched the life of Calhoun (one of the "saints and martyrs"). Though the book has many strong points (his case studies and his interpretive chapters at the end are especially good), its weak points nearly cripple it as a work of serious analysis. Half of it could have been written by a competent news reporter. The other half—or nearly half—could have been written only by a political scientist with a stake in making his subject, massive resistance, seem more important—or at least enduring—than it was. He does not ask why the massive resistance movement failed so miserably, why it did not stand up to a minimal show of federal force, or why no Southern gov-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOLZHENITSYN. First report was that *The Gulag Archipelago* would be out in April, published by Harper & Row. Our sources indicate May or perhaps a bit later. It will be a big book, over 600 pages, and priced at $12.50. But Harper also plans a simultaneous paperback at $1.95.

■ JUST OUT: Read it and worry: *A History of Russian and Soviet Sea Power* by Donald Mitchell (Macmillan, $15). The same house unveils *The Life and Times of Eamon De Valera* by Constantine (*When the Kissing Had to Stop*) FitzGibbon and George Morrison ($8.95). . . . *These Priests Stay*, reports Paul Wilkes of discontented Catholic clerics, and his conversations with them may leave you wondering why. Excerpt in the *New York Times Magazine* left knowledgeable priests skeptical about its authenticity (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . Sam Waagenaar relates how Roman Jews and Catholics vied in oneupmanship over the centuries in *The Pope's Jews* (Open Court, $8.95). . . . Trilling, McLuhan, Sartre, and others contribute essays on *Dos Passos* for Spectrum ($7.95; paperback, $2.45).

■ FILMS. Top ten grossers of 1973, per *Variety: The Poseidon Adventure, Billy Jack, Last Tango in Paris, Live and Let Die, The Devil in Miss Jones, Paper Moon, The Way We Were, The Getaway, Deliverance, The Heartbreak Kid.* The American top ten artistically, according to the National Board of Review, were *The Sting, Paper Moon, The Homecoming, Bang the Drum Slowly, Serpico, O Lucky Man, The Last American Hero, The Hireling, The Day of the Dolphin, The Way We Were.* The Board picked Ingmar Bergman as top director for *Cries and Whispers*; Al (*Serpico*) Pacino and Robert (*The Iceman Cometh*) Ryan as best actors; Liv Ullmann as best actress for *The New Land*; John Houseman as best supporting actor for *The Paper Chase*; and Sylvia Sidney as best supporting actress for *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams.*

■ SPRING SPORTS BOOKS. *The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball* debuts, the work of R. Cohen, D. Neft, R. Johnson, and J. Deutsch (Grosset, April, $14.95; paperback, $4.95). Alternatively, there's a revised edition of the 1,664-page *Macmillan Baseball Encyclopedia* due in April at $17.95. For the same publisher, Jean-Claude Killy tells about his skiing *Comeback* (February, $5.95). . . . Coming in paperback, *Times*man Leonard Koppett's *The New York Mets: The Whole Story* (April, $4.95). . . . A new edition of Webster Evans' *Encyclopedia of Golf* coming from St. Martin's in March ($10.95). . . . Joseph Reichler relives *Baseball's Great Moments* in word and picture (Crown, March, $9.95).

ernor went to jail. Had he done so, he might have brought us a step closer to understanding the South of today.

The South is not a white supremacist monolith; it *is* the only region that could have produced a Leander Perez. Perez, as James Conaway points out in his fine biography, did not build his career on racism, as James Vardaman or Ben Tillman did. He did not need to. He was a caricature of the rural patriarch, but he was also a legal expert and a financial wizard who had the good fortune to be born atop the largest sulphur dome in North America. He took power in Plaquemines Parish as a young man and did not relinquish it until he died. His vocation was the manipulation of oil and sulphur leases, and there was no one who could match him. His personality was forceful enough to cow a civil rights attorney from New York. And his sincere belief in the benevolence of his paternalistic regime seems beyond doubt.

Perez was the type of "charismatic demagogue" who inadvertently aided the cause of the Second Reconstruction. He was an extremist among extremists, a type many Americans came to identify as the *real* Deep South. During the New Orleans school crisis of 1960 he told a crowd, "Don't wait for your daughters to be raped by these Congolese. Don't wait until the burrheads are forced into your schools. Do something about it now!" Such language made Marvin Griffin look like Wade Hampton, and it was not good politics. After the New Orleans riots, the Southern cause was seriously compromised. Perez, like the generation of secessionists before him, was one of the gravediggers of the Southern way of life he fought so hard to preserve.

One gets a curious feeling reading these two books. It all seems so long ago, as historically remote as *Plessy* and the "grandfather clause." The course of Southern history seems, like the Mississippi, to be shifting, cutting a new channel in the land. Perhaps *this* South, unlike the South of the Lost Cause, will endure. □

Stay of Execution: A Sort of Memoir
By Stewart Alsop
Lippincott, 312 pp., $8.95

MARTINIS AND ROSES

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

"If a writer has had an unusual experience likely to interest a good many people," Stewart Alsop says in his preface, "he has an instinct, and perhaps even a duty, to write about it."

He is right, of course, as he is right about most important things in this splendid book. And his comment has special meaning for me, for I was assigned this review around the time that I found myself immersed in the emotional turmoil surrounding a vice presidential resignation. This was a chaotic and bitter period for those of us who had signed up as true believers and ended by learning that dreary old lesson about putting our trust in princes, a lesson, apparently, to be relearned by each generation of activist political neophytes.

I am a writer. And therefore the instinct was to get it all down on paper. (And that may yet happen.) But then I read Alsop's book for the second time and came to a tentative conclusion—some things are more worth writing about than others. The fall of princes is inevitably fascinating. But unless truly tragic elements are involved, the story is usually sordid, satisfying our taste for gossip, pandering primarily to that dirty little thing in all of us that finds furtive pleasure in savoring the sins and misfortunes of others.

The fall of a contemporary political prince is pallid stuff when contrasted with Alsop's subject. His subject is death. His own. Definitely a subject worthy to be written about. "Death is, after all, the only universal experience except birth, and although a sensible person hopes to put it off as long as possible, it is, even in anticipation, an interesting experience."

ALSOP'S experience began in July 1971, when he was told that he suffered from a form of leukemia that would soon kill him, possibly within one year. His book is the story of "the process of adjustment whereby one comes to terms with death."

Stay of Execution is, as the blurb

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suggests, a medical detective story, for Alsop's variety of leukemia is rare and difficult to treat. But the book is much more than that. It is, in fact, a powerful drama in which death's agent, the disease, assumes the role of antagonist, its purpose being to subdue the mind and spirit of Alsop, the protagonist.

The first encounters result in terror. When he enters the National Institutes of Health, Alsop wanders through his ward and finds a list of rules for admission. The first two plant themselves firmly in his mind. "ALL PATIENTS MUST HAVE INCURABLE CANCER. ALL PATIENTS MUST BE INFORMED FRANKLY OF THEIR CASE."

No room for rationalizing here, no happy endings. And the reaction, naturally enough, is fear. But as the story unfolds, the reaction changes. During a beautifully dramatized moment of truth, Alsop begins to accept emotionally what he has come to accept intellectually. In August, on his way to the NIH for an important bone marrow test, he notices a "well-tended triangle of roses" growing near the clinic. He and his wife, Tish, discuss roses, and Japanese beetles, and suddenly he remembers the purpose of their drive.

THERE WAS a moment's silence. And then I knew that I wouldn't see the roses next year. Suspecting what John [his doctor] suspected, I knew—or thought I knew—that the marrow test would show a sudden sharp increase in the malignant cells. I knew that John would tell me, in his kindest way, that I would have a course of chemotherapy [an especially nasty treatment with damaging side effects], and that after that I could live a 'normal life.' And I knew that I would have a relapse and die.

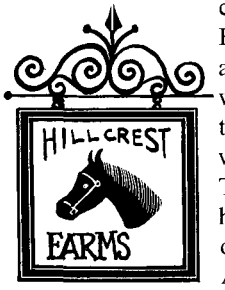
"I reached out my hand for Tish's. 'I have just now run out of my small store of courage,' I said. She squeezed my hand and said nothing."

But when he returns home, the news comes that the abnormal cell count is down, the death sentence postponed; and suddenly, out of the fear of death grows a sharp appreciation of life, symbolized by an early martini.

"I have a rule not to drink after lunch until seven o'clock in the evening. . . . It was only about 5 P.M. by this time, but I had a premature martini. It tasted marvelous, and low blood count and all I felt happy and well. Anyone who has ever jumped out of a plane . . . and felt the chute open, and felt his feet hit the ground, and felt no bones broken and all well, will know how I felt after I had that premature martini."

There are again moments of terror. But also there grows an awareness of the beauty and goodness of things and people, an awareness heightened by the presence of death. Thus, against the backdrop of death, Alsop's book becomes a celebration of life.

The reminiscences are delightful—his brilliantly idiosyncratic family, the British Army days, an appreciation of war that few contemporary writers would dare attempt. There is the splendid hot-pursuit courtship of his wife, Tish. And when he wins her, there's a wonderful bit of dialogue familiar to anyone who has courted ardently and won:



" 'Mummy and Daddy say we can get married Tuesday,' " she said into the telephone.

" 'Jesus Christ,' I heard myself saying. 'Trapped like a rat.' "

But he doesn't quite mean that, of course (we husbands all know what he *really* means), and the marriage—still a happy one—is celebrated with a fine boozy honeymoon at the buzz-bomb-emptied Ritz in wartime London.

Stay of Execution is a book rich in anecdote and insights into journalism (among many of his peers, Alsop is considered by far the best of the Washington columnists) and into politics (I find most of his political judgments wrongheaded. But consistently and strongly wrongheaded). But what illuminates the book and raises it above the ordinary collected reminiscences of a successful journalist is the character of Alsop himself. He is a tough man and he is a brave man and he is a gentle man.

PERHAPS his description of his friend, Rowland Evans, best sums up his own character. Evans made it a point during the worst of the early period to help Alsop stay plugged in to the day-to-day happenings that provide material for Washington journalists: ". . . that August I was surprised to discover how *nice* he is. There is no other word for it. It sounds a bit fatuous to say so, but one compensation for getting really sick is the repeated discovery that people are nicer than they seem to be."

Since Alsop used that awful word first, I can repeat it. He is a *nice* man. As I write this, Mrs. Amanda Zimmerman, Alsop's secretary, tells me that he is seriously ill again, recovering from pneumonia, his system unable to throw off the simplest infection. If the stay of execution can no longer be extended, those of us who came to know him through this book believe that he will take it well. "There is a time to live," he tells us, "but there is also a time to die. That time has not yet come for me. But it will. It will come for all of us."

One hopes that that time has not yet arrived for Alsop. He appreciates life in a way that few of us are capable of, and we hope that he can avoid death just one more time, that there will be a few more martinis and at least one more season of roses. □

Amnesty, The Unsettled Question of Vietnam

By Arlie Schardt, William A. Rusher, and Mark O. Hatfield

Sun River Press, 148 pp., $5.95

WASTE DISPOSAL

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

The question of what to do with the deserters and draft evaders who eluded capture and punishment during the Vietnam war is far from a universal concern. There is too much cooking of more immediate interest just now and most people would probably prefer to let the matter lie—to let the self-exiled remain exiled, the fugitives from justice remain fugitive, and the whole distasteful national experience fade into obscurity.

If this is not just, at least it is understandable and one suspects that, as a result, *Amnesty* will serve as little more than a source book for debaters. As such, it is a valid offering with well chosen advocates of the three primary positions on amnesty. In the corner of immediate amnesty we have Arlie Schardt of the American Civil Liberties Union, who tosses together a fiery case for total capitulation to the lawbreakers

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based on equal parts of honest emotion, dishonest emotion, and misread law and history. All of the claptrap about the real criminals of this war being you-know-who in Washington, all of the true revulsion that a young generation of Americans felt about a war that was never explained to them adequately, and all of the statistical, legalistic, and ethical half-truths generally associated with the issue march forth in brave array from Mr. Schardt's pen. It is lively reading but hardly stuff from which a sound legal, or for that matter logical, case can be made.

Battling against amnesty is that Roland of the Right, William Rusher, whose third of the book is the *ne plus ultra* of the legal, ethical, and above all practical case to be made against amnesty.

SLITHERING about in the center of the question is, predictably enough, a politician. Republican Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, who has long fancied himself one of the moral voices of the Senate (where morality is voiced, if not practiced, almost to excess), opens his case for conditional amnesty with a horribly simpleminded letter he wrote to his parents in 1945 while he was in French Indochina as a young serviceman. How simpleminded is it? Well, to give you an idea, it quotes Wendell Willkie as a fount of wisdom and goes on to rail that it is "a crime the way we Occidentals have enslaved these people in our mad desire for money."

From this blithe statement of collective guilt, we are then led through a tangled series of Hatfield-devised systems of absolution, none of them superior to the existing legal structure for handling draft evasion and desertion. It is the old passion of the lawmaker/politician for replacing someone else's set of regulations with his own, whether the replacement is needed or not. □

The Conquest of Poverty
By Henry Hazlitt
Arlington, 240 pp., $8.95

PERPETUATING POVERTY

ALAN REYNOLDS

Poverty was rather capriciously defined by the Johnson Administration as $3,000 a year for a family of four. By this standard, adjusting for inflation, half of the American people were poor in the prosperous 1920s, 32 per cent were poor in 1935, 23 per cent in 1959, and 11 per cent in 1967. If that trend continues, there will be no poor people left by around 1980. Obviously, that can't be allowed to happen: too many sociologists and social workers would be unemployed. Accordingly, it is essential that the definition of poverty be adjusted upward from time to time. One way of doing this is to define poverty in *relative* terms—to imply, for example, that there really shouldn't *be* any bottom fifth of income recipients.

Another popular way of perpetuating the poverty problem is to pass laws that provide an incentive for fathers to abandon their families, or that allow unions or licensing boards to limit job opportunities, or that set minimum wages to keep young blacks from getting access to on-the-job training. Still another device, employed by the Bureau of the Census, is to exclude in-kind benefits, such as food stamps and public housing, from the definition of income.

The great virtue of Henry Hazlitt's latest book is that it challenges familiar ideas—like the definition or causes of poverty—and that it places poverty in a proper geographical and historical perspective. The lessons of ancient Rome, Elizabethan England, and Bismarckian Germany sound ominously familiar. Brilliant quotations from the elder economists—Nassau Senior, John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith—show how prone we are to repeat our ancestors' mistakes. Hazlitt even answers the "neo-Malthusians" by resurrecting Malthus' own widely forgotten solution.

There is also a wealth of data in *The Conquest of Poverty*—well handled, up to date, and revealing. That makes it useful as a reference book, as well as a source of stimulating ideas. We learn, for example, that less than an eighth of corporate income goes to profits, and half of that is reinvested. Or, that 16.9 per cent of the families with annual incomes between $3,000 and $3,999 in 1969 owned a color television set.

MR. HAZLITT is probably the most persuasive of the critics of the negative income tax (NIT), though many of his objections seem at least equally applicable to the existing arrangements. The two most serious dangers of NIT are that it will simply be added to the existing mess, instead of replacing much of it, and that the level of aid and exemptions will become the proverbial football in election years.

To eliminate the political escalation of benefits (a problem with any form of poverty relief), Mr. Hazlitt suggests disfranchising relief recipients until they either give back money received or stay off relief for five years. That sounds like political dynamite, but it makes such evident good sense that it might command surprisingly broad support.

As for The Solution to poverty, there is no political solution. Any form of relief encourages fathers to abandon their families, discourages migration to places where there are employment opportunities, fosters the habit of living only for the present, and discourages efforts to become self-reliant. The more generous the relief, the more these tendencies are accentuated. Though poverty has declined, the ranks of all aided groups—early retirees, fatherless families, the unemployed, even the disabled (69,000 in 1950; 935,000 in 1970)—have tended to increase in number in direct proportion to the increase in benefits from belonging to the group. Supply increases to meet demand. At best, we could keep benefits modest and try to minimize some of the perverse incentives.

In this connection, Hazlitt coins a

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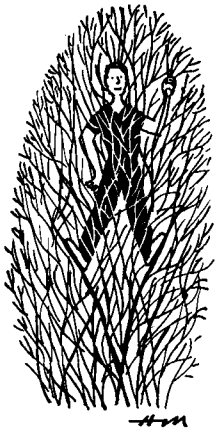
useful phrase, "the paradox of relief": "The richer the community, the less the need for relief, but the more it is able to provide; the poorer the community, the greater the need for relief, but the less it is able to provide." It follows that the ultimate solution to poverty lies in increased production. If there are only enough cars for 10 per cent of a nation, then only 10 per cent can have cars—no amount of "redistribution" of money can solve this basic problem.

POVERTY IS therefore caused by anything that reduces saving (legal ceilings on interest earnings, high taxation of payrolls and estates), or reduces employment opportunities (minimum wage laws, restrictive union practices, occupational licensing), or reduces labor productivity (union featherbedding, strikes, and opposition to new technology), or reduces the incentive to work (personal income and payroll taxes versus welfare and food stamps).

With characteristic clarity, Hazlitt explores two central fallacies common to most false remedies for poverty: "One is that of looking only at the immediate effect of any proposed reform on a selected group of intended beneficiaries and of overlooking the longer and secondary effect of the reform not only on the intended beneficiaries but on everybody. The other fallacy, akin to this, is to assume that production consists of a fixed amount of goods and services, produced by a fixed amount and quality of capital providing a fixed number of 'jobs.'"



One of the reviewer's more affluent bridge partners, a Maude liberal, really believes that conservatives lack compassion (e.g., she supports a lion in Africa). But it should be clear by now that compassion is not enough, that programs cannot be evaluated according to their intentions, that we have to look very closely at who is really benefiting and who is paying the bill. Hazlitt's book brings realism and uncommon sense to a subject too long dominated by wishful thinking. His approach is always fresh and provocative, and very definitely compassionate. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

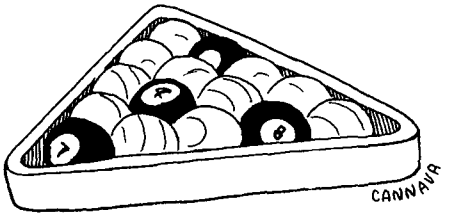
JEWISH RADICALISM, *edited by Jack Nusan Porter and Peter Dreier (Grove, 390 pp., $7.95).* Lacking only responses to the latest watershed for Jewry, the Yom Kippur War, this anthology surveys a wide range of manifestations of Jewish radicalism, from the Jewish Defense League on the right to the newest New Left lunacies over yonder. The editors' extensive introduction is cogent, rooted in the context both of Jewish history and of contemporary movement agitation, and on the whole sound, although, regrettably, the usual misconceptions about the Right—e.g., "overt antisemitism reemerg[ing] during the dark days of McCarthyism"—crop up there as, predictably, throughout the essays. This is no apologia for Jewish radicalism, but rather a convincing exposition of its manifold varieties, among which: renewed "relevant" Judaism within the counterculture; Jewish militance here and in Israel; the revised relationship to Negro extremism; Judaism and the women's, gay, and other liberation movements; the socialist alliance; and, most especially, the phenomenon of the "authentic" Jew (the term is mine, not the authors') arising midst the often vulgarized American Jewishness which substitutes too often both for religion and for Jewish culture. The dozens of essayists here represented, including the Israeli leftist Amos Kenan, the American ultraleftist Arthur Waskow, and Rabbi Kahane of the JDL, know how to write. They put their cases before the reader forcefully, passionately, excitingly.

DAVID BRUDNOY

PATRICK J. HURLEY AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, *by Russell D. Buhite (Cornell, 342 pp., $14.50).* Patrick J. Hurley, until his appointment as U.S. Ambassador to China in late 1944, had a distinguished but unspectacular career as a successful businessman in New Mexico, later as President Hoover's Secretary of War, and finally in a series of wartime diplomatic assignments for President Roosevelt. His performance in China, however, has made him anathema to most of the contemporary "China Hands." Why this precipitous fall from grace? It was due primarily to his identification of three foreign service officers, one in Washington and two in China, whose exuberance for Mao Tse-tung led them to attempt to sabotage U.S. plans for gaining the support of all Chinese factions to prosecute the war against Japan. The two officers in China were, of course, John S. Service and John P. Davies; the third member of the cabal, John C. Vincent, was at the China desk of the State Department in Washington. Service and Davies were expelled from China at Hurley's noisy insistence. His career never survived the incident; Hurley died uncelebrated in 1963. The saboteurs, however, have recently been the subjects of an attempted rehabilitation (though the 1970 release of the incriminating *Amerasia Papers* study by the Senate Judiciary Committee complicated the enterprise) by many of their longtime supporters claiming that the Service-Davies-Vincent cabal was right from the start about China. Buhite, though no admirer of Hurley or his views on China, usefully sketches the Davies-Service attempts to sabotage U.S. policy in China in 1944-45. We can be thankful for small favors.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

STEALING, *by Mark Lipman, edited by Robert Daley (Harper's Magazine Press, 160 pp., $6.95).* Billions of dollars worth of goods and services are disappearing from the factories, warehouses, and retail outlets of American industry. Those responsible, modern-day ripoff artists, shoplifters, dishonest employees, and vandals, have turned many corporations into staggering, economically anemic entities. In *Stealing*, Mark Lipman, who has spent the better part of five decades championing the free market economy and protecting the inventories and reputations of the American corporate structure, has given us an inside look at this rape of the American marketplace. The author takes us into a Chicago meat-packing plant being picked clean by a ring of corrupt truckdrivers and packers, a Bayview, Arkansas pants factory devastated by the wholesale looting of its inventory, a Carter, Tennessee furniture outlet ravished by one of its own vice presidents—methodically explaining even the most unbelievable of these capers. There are no sacred cows in Lipman's world. He exposes and condemns any number of contemporary Pontius Pilates: police agencies which refuse to recognize the seriousness of crimes against corporate properties, prosecutors who place economic crimes at the lowest of priority levels, judges who blatantly parole criminals with as many as twenty previous marketplace offenses, and union officials who coddle those among their membership who have openly admitted to pilfering. *Stealing* deserves to be read.



SALVATORE STAZZONE

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EREN

(Continued from page 207)

debunked into a tale of greed and genocide.

The intellectual elite, especially of the Third World, regards capitalism as an exploiter and destroyer of human values, conducive to imperialism which generates war. America, the self-confessed and proud example of capitalism, suffers as the principal target of these prejudices. No matter how worthy the motivation, nothing she does is judged objectively on its merits. Every American activity in the foreign field is accepted by the intelligentsia as a manifestation of the sinister influences of the "military-industrial complex." Even the Peace Corps is castigated as "cultural imperialism."

The ideological division between capitalism and anticapitalism transcends the boundaries that separate the Communist from the non-Communist world. To one degree or another every society is divided within itself between those who embrace collectivism and those who believe in the primacy of the rights and responsibilities of the individual. The collectivists, for whom the United States is the arch-enemy, shrewdly exploit the anticapitalist prejudices of the non-Communist elite to create a common intellectual front against the United States. Sincere humanists and ardent upholders of democratic freedoms are found side by side with Communists, sniping at the United States.

In our ideologically polarized world, the masses have, fortunately, developed their own values. For all its well advertised flaws and faults, and its resented influences, the American example has continued to give hope to the majority of the new nations. Even the present worldwide campaign of anti-Americanism, involving friends more than foes, bears witness to this reality. For in essence it originated as a reaction not to the Vietnam war but to the violence in American streets and the riots in American universities and to America's weakness in the world monetary arena. These and other disturbances which appear to challenge the viability of the American system shake the confidence of the new nations in their own development. They turn against America for making them question their belief in their own development based on the American experience and example.

These nations need an example to sustain their hope for development in freedom. What can America do? Even though the circumstances of her existence in the contemporary world limit her alternatives, a number of possibilities lie within reach.

1. She must remain true to her ancient principles of national and individual freedom, of social equality and economic opportunity. She ought not to doubt them because they have not yet wiped out poverty, ignorance, and inequality.

2. However, she should keep her dedication to these principles and purposes within her own polity and be cautious about exporting them wholesale. In her international relations she should avoid social evangelism.

3. America should continue to stand for the creation of a world order based on the equal sovereignty of nations and the peaceful and just settlement of disputes between them. She should oppose only those changes attempted by force, not changes in political and military relationships generated by the evolution of other nations.

4. Her influence on her friends and allies should rely on equal partnership, not on authority derived from her domi-

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nant position. Her omnipresence in world affairs should not lead her to believe in either her moral and political omniscience or her economic and military omnipotence.

5. She must learn to depoliticize economic assistance; to avoid intellectual and ideological intervention in the domestic affairs of the recipient countries. "Strings attached" policies have burdened America with the domestic problems of too many countries.

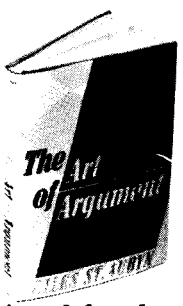
6. Her communications media should be aware of the perils of quick judgment and oversimplification. Even when it must criticize and condemn other nations, the American press should avoid the impatience and arrogance of the superior, and reflect moderation and understanding.

7. American politicians, no matter to what party they belong, must remember in their references to other countries that to foreign ears they speak for their country as a whole.

8. America must rid herself of her reluctance to propagandize in her own behalf. Propaganda is both necessary and useful. In America's case it must avoid emphasizing her material achievements or praising her spiritual ideals. It must give a truthful account of her failures and her weaknesses. It must show how her achievements fall short of her aspirations, and reveal her efforts to improve.

Of course, even if America follows all these suggestions she still could not expect to be loved. History provides no example of universal affection and admiration for a great and powerful nation, no matter how generous her gifts or benign her influence. But if America strives in the right direction, the world's misjudgments may gradually yield to an acceptance of her as she really is and for what she really means to do. □

How to Argue and Win!



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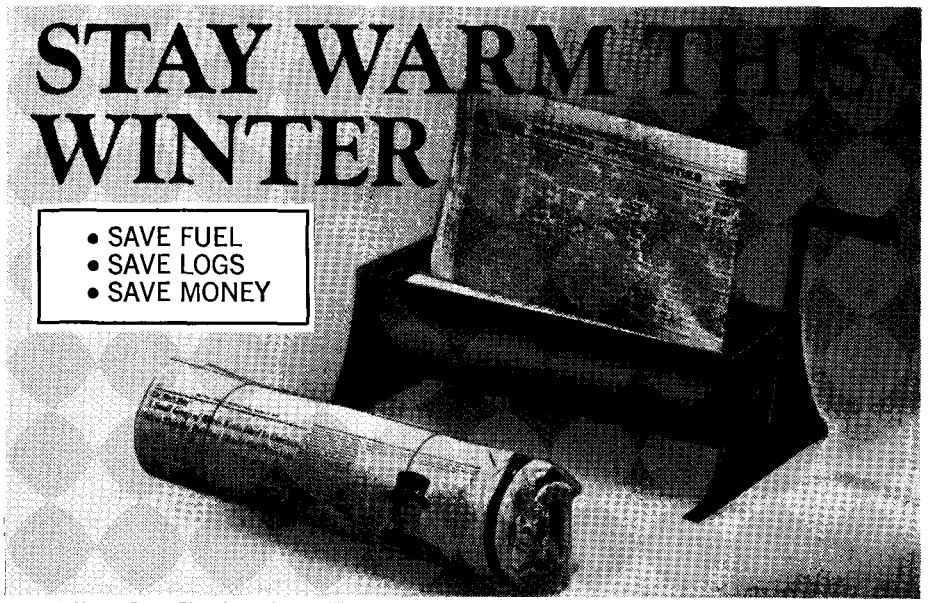

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[CASPAR W.] WEINBERGER:

The Defense Report

Discussion of the defense budget should focus on what we must do, what we would like to do, . . . what we can or cannot afford to do. . . . One thing must always be borne in mind: If our defense budget is inadequate, nothing else will be of much moment, and we will only know it when it is too late.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 175)

stationed in Eastern Europe has grown from 26 to 31. In the past five years, Warsaw Pact armies have deployed 6,000 additional tanks (to increase their advantage to 4 to 1) and the number of Soviet aircraft poised against Western defenses is up 50 per cent. While our aging B-52 force has steadily declined in number, the Soviet bomber force has not.

The U.S. in the last nine years has reduced its fighter-bomber and interceptor force from 3,538 to 2,537 and plans further cuts. The Soviets now have 7,400. Russian research and development has provided the Soviet tactical air forces with a new fighter design every 18 months. Since 1954, the Soviets have designed and built 18 new fighter aircraft types. Our mainstay, the F-4 Phantom, is 15 years old.

Washington, D.C., the national command center, will soon be the only site guarded by surface-to-air missiles. The Soviets now have more than 10,000 deployed. The sorry state of our air defenses was revealed by the failure to spot a 250-mph Soviet-built AN-24 airliner which landed at New Orleans Moisant International Airport on the morning of October 26, 1971. NORAD did not know the plane had penetrated the U.S. Aircraft Defense Identification Zone until the pilot radioed for landing instructions.

As Samuel Adams observed: "There never was a democracy that did not commit suicide."

Chicago, Ill. DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI

Solzhenitsyn

Issue after issue of *NR* arrives, and I read "The Week" avidly, sure to find treasures of good sense, good writing, and wit. Because of *NR*'s normal standard of excellence, veteran *NR* readers are driven to affect calm, measured responses to these gems. But every so often even the most steely-willed reader is jolted to respond in the high-energy mode of writing a letter. "Solzhenitsyn: Man of the Year" [Jan. 18] is such an editorial. It is not only good; it is beautiful. My gratitude to the writer responsible.

End of energization.

Portland, Ore. TERRI WILLIAMS

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It is well enough to deplore the mistreatment of Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov and the suppression of dissent in the Soviet Union ["Prophet with Honor," Oct. 12], but is it reasonable to expect any significant changes in the foreseeable future?

It is only logical that the Communist Party, having long since obtained absolute control of Russia, should prefer to keep it that way. Imagine how much easier it is for the Politburo to govern Russia than for the Nixon Administration to govern the United States. Why should the all-powerful Kremlin permit a couple of troublemakers to stir up unrest among the people?

Edenton, N.C. JAMES E. WOOD

LYONS

(Continued from page 205)

"of all personal relations with Stalin." Then, as Trotsky later revealed, he was "preparing a bombshell" to crush Stalin politically at the next Party Congress. But another stroke, with total loss of speech, intervened.

Through his informers planted around the dying leader, Stalin was fully aware of Lenin's hatred and intentions. In the brief but deceptive weeks when Lenin seemed to be improving, Stalin could barely conceal his alarm. Lenin alive, even paralyzed and speechless, was a menace to his plans. He waited anxiously, hungrily, for Lenin to die, so that he might accomplish the apotheosis of his self-declared enemy to serve his own ambitions.

Thus the crowning irony of Lenin's career, posthumously, was the capture of his body and its deification by the one man—"that Asiatic monster," in Krupskaya's phrase—whom he had tried and failed, in his final months, to dislodge from the leadership. It was Stalin who delivered the funeral oration, in the ecclesiastic cadences he had learned as a young seminarist, in the form almost of a church litany. Its heart was the doctrine of Lenin's infallibility, set forth by the man who only weeks before had ridiculed his opinions and made political capital of his contradictions and blunders. It was all like a charade of Lenin's failure devised by a master satirist. Stalin was deliberately launching a god.

Lenin's body was in effect "nationalized" for purposes he would have forbidden, mutilated and cosmetically processed, exploited as a political stage property. The cynical distortion, in death, of Lenin's whole lifestyle, of his character and philosophy, was Stalin's calculated revenge. □

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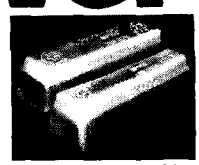

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TV on Energy

On The Right

New York, Jan. 28—The other night on CBS news they were talking, as usual, about the energy crisis. There followed a sequence that went roughly as follows:

Anchorman: In Washington today, Representative John Axelrod from Massachusetts interrogated Mr. Stanley Lifeless from the Petroleum Institute.

Rep. Axelrod: What worries me, Mr. Lifeless, isn't the profits of the oil companies. As far as I am concerned, you oil people are sitting pretty and taking advantage of the current crisis. What I'm worried about is the little people. The people who need to get to work in the morning and can't find gasoline for their cars. The old couple who are sitting in a cold house because they can't afford to pay double for the fuel oil they're buying. That's who I'm worried about, Mr. Lifeless, not corporate profits.

Anchorman (focusing the camera on Mr. Lifeless): Mr. Lifeless explained to the committee the position of the oil companies and denied that profits were excessive. . . . In Miami today, the Dolphins beat the Aquaducks by a surprising score of . . .

I have made it a point not to look at a transcript of the exchange I have just finished reproducing, because what is primarily important is the impact of it, rather than exactly the words spoken. It is the impact of television journalism, and there isn't anyone in the United States who denies its importance, primarily in establishing a public mood. It is, by the requirement of the medium, anti-thought. It is at the service of those who express readily communicable attitudes and emotions: indignation, despair, joy, skepticism, hatred. In the colloquy in question we have a politician saying the obvious things, but those things that he was saying stir the resentments, latent and matured, of everyone who deplores a) paying more for gas or fuel, or b) finding it hard to get gas or fuel. Roughly, everybody. By contrast, the oil executive is speaking about such abstractions as demand, supply, costs, controls, allocations: so that the anchorman gives him very short shrift. Who cares to waste valuable network time in explaining the causes of unpleasant economic developments?

What can one assume a responsible executive could say, should Walter Cronkite vouchsafe him, say, one whole minute, to reply to the congressman?

It isn't easy. Really, it isn't easy, and it is one of the exasperating things about television that it is expected that you should be able to say things, no matter how complicated, in seconds of time. I was once asked, when running for mayor of New York, to explain my position on rent controls—"You have 30 seconds, Mr. Buckley." "In 30 seconds," I said—icily, I hope—"I cannot explain my position on rent controls." So it is on the 7 o'clock news. Particularly in answering someone whose formulations, like Congressman Whatsisname's, are arrantly demagogic.

WHAT IS there to say? About profits, for instance? Well, you can say that the oil industry last year ranked seven out of ten as a profit maker, among the major industries in America. You can try to put the thing in perspective by pointing out that Mobil Oil made slightly less than two cents per gallon of gas last year, so that if all the profits were removed, it wouldn't substantially affect the price of oil and fuel. You might point out that the New York City subways, which threaten a 60 cent fare, up 400 per cent over 1965, make no profits at all, because they are municipalized, which by the way is one of the reasons why subways have risen in price so many times the rate of gasoline. You can point out that the tax now paid on gasoline is many times as high as the profit made by the producers. You can explain that matters are demonstrably worse now than they might have been, precisely because thoughtless congressmen egged on the President to institute wage and price controls and generally to screw things up.

But in the last analysis you need to count on the viewer's knowledge of some of the basic axioms of economics, about supply and demand, and resource allocation, and the function of price rises. These, alas, are harder to grasp. Harder still to grasp is the cynical exploitation of ignorance by demagogic congressmen. A society that tolerates demagogy is unlikely to penetrate economics. A pity. And a pity that such as Mr. Cronkite do not even attempt to mediate. □

SOLZHENITSYN AT BAY

New York, Jan. 22—The new volume of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn raises policy questions for the West which, if we answer them wrongly, will bring down upon us that curse of history reserved for those despicable men who, though knowing everything they needed to know, declined to act, thus contributing to a crucifixion. Solzhenitsyn is only an individual, but there was never in human history a clearer identification of an individual and a class. Martin Luther King as representative of the American Negro pales alongside the authority of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn as representative of the 200 million people of Russia who have suffered, and continue to suffer, at the hands of the creed-ridden tormentors of that wretched country. The Soviet government does not disguise its feelings about Solzhenitsyn, any more than the establishmentarians disguised theirs toward Jesus. Now, on the publication of *The Gulag Archipelago*, they have begun their offensive. It is clearly launched with a certain tentativeness—else they'd have simply yanked him from the streets and shipped him off directly to Siberia, or to a convenient warren in the cellar of the Lubyanka, there to receive a little lead in his stupefying, or inspiring mind. Though Solzhenitsyn is only one man, his elimination would amount to an act of genocide. It is now as if, 35 years ago, Adolf Hitler had released, for the convenience of the next few editions of the *World Almanac*, the projections of the diminishing percentage of Jews alive and well in Germany. Would the West, in such circumstances, do anything about it? Or would that be to interrupt the rhythm of detente?

PERMIT a drastic truncation—in just a few sentences—of the experience of just one Soviet victim. This one an American citizen who, incredibly, has been living in Maryland since 1971. It required that we should learn of his existence from Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. His name is Alexander Dolgun. He was a clerk with the American Embassy. In 1948 he was seized on the streets of Moscow and would spend eight years in Soviet camps, and another 15 years in civilian detention. A cheerful representative of the Worker's Paradise, sec-

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ond in charge of Soviet security, called Ryumin, called in young Dolgun, who had declined to confess to crimes he had not committed.

" 'And so,' said Ryumin politely, stroking his rubber truncheon which was an inch and a half thick, 'you have survived trial by sleeplessness with honor. So now we will try the club. Prisoners don't last more than two or three sessions of this. Let down your trousers and lie on the runner.'

"The colonel sat down on the prisoner's back. Dolgun had intended to count the blows. He didn't know yet what a blow with a rubber truncheon is on the sciatic nerve. The effect is not in the place where the blow is delivered—it blows up inside the head. After the first blow the victim was insane with pain and broke his nails on the carpet. Ryumin beat away. After the beating the prisoner could not walk and, of course, he was not carried. They just dragged him along the floor. The remnants of his buttocks soon swelled up to the point that he could not button his breeches, and yet there were practically no scars. He was hit by a violent case of diarrhea, and, sitting there on the latrine barrel in solitary, Dolgun laughed. He went through a second and a third session, and his skin burst, and Ryumin went wild, and started to beat him in the stomach and broke through the intestinal wall, in the form of an enormous hernia where his intestines protruded. And the prisoner was taken off to the Butyrka hospital with a case of peritonitis, and for the time being the attempts to compel him to commit a foul deed were broken off."

THE REASON Brezhnev et al. are so much afraid of Solzhenitsyn is that his indictment isn't of the man Stalin, or even the man Lenin, whose atrocities figure greatly in this book. His indictment is a universal: an indictment of totalitarian society. Brezhnev can no more convincingly denounce Stalin than he can denounce his own aorta. The governors of the Soviet Union cannot break with their own past without walking, unmanacled, to Red Square, to set a torch upon themselves.

This is the moment not for bureaucratic response, but for gallant response, and those of us who know Henry Kissinger pray that he will take the initiative—no one could do it better.

If a hair of the head of Solzhenitsyn is harmed:

One. The United States of America will suspend all cultural exchange with the Soviet Union beginning immediately.

Two. An absolute embargo, for a mourning period of one year, will be imposed on commerce of any kind with the Soviet Union, and against any purchase of goods of any kind from the Soviet Union.

Perhaps Solzhenitsyn requires martyrdom, fully to anneal his work to the service of humanity. Perhaps, even, he desires it. But we cannot willingly play the role of Pontius Pilate. □

LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR NIXON?

New York, Feb. 1 —If the House of Representatives votes to impeach President Nixon, then what? The gloom that besets the spirit is only one part traceable to the ugliness of the generic situation: a President, formally charged with having committed a high crime and misdemeanor, dispatched now to the Senate to stand trial. Much of the gloom comes from the fear that executive leadership will be lost during the period—three months? four, five, six months? a year?—between the vote of impeachment and the final determination of the Senate.

It has been widely noticed that the 25th Amendment could be useful here. Paragraph 3 provides that the President, if "unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office," may name the Vice President as Acting President.

It is entirely consistent with the spirit of this Paragraph that President Nixon, surveying the heavy duty of organizing his defense, should declare Gerald Ford Acting President. If the Senate should then fail to convict Mr. Nixon, he could promptly instruct the relevant officials of Congress that he is once again able to discharge the powers and duties of his office, as provided in Paragraph 3, and resume the administration of the Presidency.

The advantages are mostly obvious. A President who is impeached is under a cloud. Moreover, his preoccupations are obvious. They center on himself and his future. It is as unfair for the public to expect that he could give primary attention to affairs of state as it would be for a President to persuade himself that he could successfully negotiate his way past the bifurcation. It is true that President Johnson remained in office during the interval between his impeachment and exoneration in 1868. But the Presidency was a far more relaxed enterprise in those days, not to be compared with the Presidency a hundred years later, when decisions made between midnight and one in the morning can decide the future of the nation. Moreover, although the Senate hearings on the charges against Johnson themselves lasted six weeks, it must be assumed that those against Nixon would last much longer. Johnson had a relatively simple point to make, alleging that a law of Congress encroached unconstitutionally on the Executive.

Richard Nixon will require many times as long to make his case. We would be without a functioning Chief Executive during this period.

The disadvantages, though impalpable, are very real. It is very difficult to abdicate irresolutely. Something drains away from The Presence, and it is hard for it to return. Who—to consider a symbolic point—gets to live in the White House during the period? The President-on-leave-of-absence? Or the Acting President?

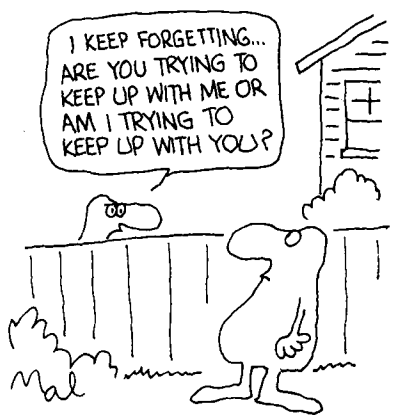
There are arguments both ways. On the one hand, the White House belongs to the President and until he ceases to be President, the quarters are presumably his. On the other hand, the man who is carrying out the duties of the President needs the physical facilities of the White House. An Acting President cannot be made to feel like Hamlet's uncle, the successor king, sleeping in incestuous sheets.

What would be the relations between the President-on-leave and the Acting President? Would the Acting President feel free to discharge, let us say, the Cabinet of the President, substituting his own men, and redirecting national policy?

There is nothing in the 25th Amendment that suggests any limitation on the powers of the Acting President—save only that he cannot anoint himself President. That can be done only if the Senate ousts the President pursuant to an impeachment, or if the President declines to reinstate himself, or if under Paragraph 4 of the 25th Amendment the President is declared by the authorities specified in that Paragraph "unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office." If this representation is accepted by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, then the Acting President becomes the President.

A terribly unpleasant business. So much so as to give rise to all the talk about Nixon's resigning in the event that he is impeached—even if he is confident that his critics could not hope to get two-thirds of the vote in the Senate. It would be useful, surely, to publicize the alternative in question, to knead it into the public consciousness, in an effort to pre-figure all those annoying anomalies. It would give us a way of navigating more skillfully through the dangerous passage we may be headed toward. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Passes out or through by percolation — 29 87 1 143 223 95 112

B. Young lady who tried to fly the Atlantic after Lindbergh, but failed — 45 174 106 141 131 187 34 161 74

C. Another woman aviator (1898-1937) — 54 16 199 37 40 209 109

D. A nonelective office — 68 52 85 98 78 120 157 5 26 43 61

E. The worst parts — 79 133 166 185 110 150

F. A natural elevation — 84 151 113 214 168 51 154 172

G. Legislation that was repassed after President Wilson vetoed it — 129 24 33 48 206 63 152 182 213 66 82

H. A Spanish monarch's younger son — 164 153 2 221 17 197 202

I. People who tell ununtruths (unless they can't tell the difference!) — 19 67 81 86 96

J. AL HIT BOTH (anagram) — 173 8 208 135 42 115 211 222 163

K. Raptured in the doorway — 183 21 212 138 224 125 186 198 100

L. Chatty talks (sometimes catty) — 146 38 55 88 9 177 165

M. Lacking a certain type of garment — 73 156 175 171 89 22 192 56 10

N. What Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver began life as — 92 6 44 53 65 108 114 169 132 205 216

O. Examined critically — 4 11 27 75 80 39 46 60

P. A county official who lists property for taxation purposes — 105 25 189 101 207 229 144 15

Q. What echoes are — 134 28 97 117 122 107 170 181 200 142

R. A type of comforter — 136 116 90 217 178 102 121 203 145

S. A method for making notebooks, encyclopedias, etc. — 167 3 23 47 59 69 71 128 14 70 176 180 12 190 35

T. A resident of one of the Arabian countries — 210 91 49 179 159 123 58 194

U. Most cruel — 160 184 18 126 228 139 218 118 31

V. This brings warm breezes to Australia — 196 32 147 30 127 219 20 57 191

W. A type of gourd — 215 158 149 193 72 204 124 93 220

X. Combined so as to achieve a maximum effect — 13 7 41 62 227 64 76 94 137 140 148 162

Y. A beginner — 99 130 155 226 83 77 103 36

Z. A nation in Africa — 111 119 104 195 188 225 201 50

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 222 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 A		2 H	3 S	4 O	5 D	6 N	7 X		8 J	9 L	10 M	11 O		12 S	13 X	
14 S	15 P	16 C	17 H	18 U	19 I	20 V	21 K		22 M	23 S	24 G	25 P	26 D	27 O	28 Q	29 A	30 V		31 U
32 V	33 G	34 B		35 S	36 Y		37 C	38 L	39 O		40 C		41 X	42 J	43 D	44 N	45 B	46 O	47 S
48 G	49 T	50 Z	51 F		52 D	53 N	54 C	55 L	56 M	57 V	58 T	59 S	60 O		61 D	62 X	63 G		64 X
65 N	66 G	67 I	68 D	69 S		70 S	71 S	72 W	73 M	74 B	75 O	76 X	77 Y		78 D	79 E	80 O	81 I	
82 G	83 Y	84 F		85 D	86 I	87 A	88 L	89 M	90 R	91 T	92 N	93 W		94 X	95 A	96 I	97 Q	98 D	99 Y
100K	101P	102R		103Y	104Z	105P	106B		107Q	108N		109C	110E	111Z		112A	113F	114N	115J
116R	117Q	118U	119Z		120D	121R	122Q	123T	124W	125K		126U		127V	128S	129G	130Y		131B
132N	133E	134Q		135J	136R	137X	138K	139U		140X	141B	142Q		143A	144P	145R	146L	147V	148X
149W	150E	151F	152G	153H		154F	155Y	156M	157D	158W	159T	160U	161B	162X		163J	164H	165L	
166E	167S	168F	169N		170Q	171M	172F		173J	174B	175M	176S		177L	178R	179T	180S	181Q	182G
183K	184U	185E		186K	187B	188Z	189P	190S	191V		192M	193W	194T		195Z	196V	197H	198K	199C
200Q	201Z	202H	203R		204W	205N	206G	207P		208J	209C	210T		211J	212K		213G	214F	215W
	216N	217R	218U		219V	220W	221H	222J		223A	224K	225Z	226Y	227X	228U	229P			

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Waste Watcher Israel Proler—he collects steel cans by the millions

Israel Proler is one of America's new breed of waste watchers. The Chairman of Texas-based Proler International Corp., he is concerned about America's environmental shape. And he is doing something about it by reclaiming everything from junked autos to used tin cans.

Hundreds of millions of tin cans are magnetically reclaimed each year from municipal garbage and then processed in Proler plants. Along with thousands of tons of scrap from canmaking lines, the used cans are then shipped to Arizona and New Mexico. There they are used as "precipitation iron" in a chemical process that recovers copper from low-grade ore.

Israel Proler is on the prowl for used steel cans which can be economically handled by his plants. The nation's copper mines can use an estimated 10-billion annually.

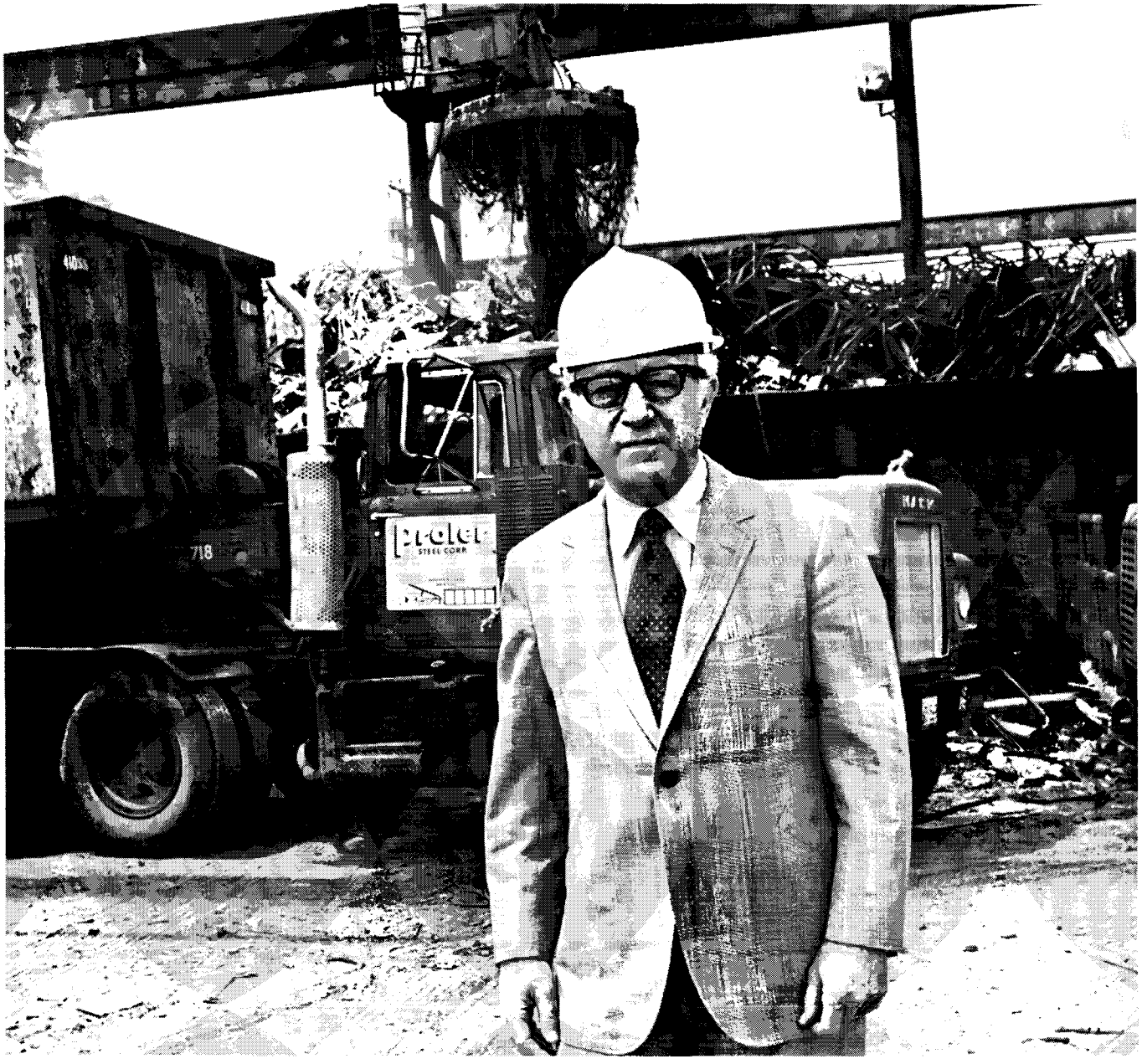
Reclaimed steel cans also are recycled by the steel industry, detinning plants and ferroalloy producers.

Mr. Proler and other waste watchers are reclaiming 3 billion steel cans in 20 cities by magnetic separation—the leading resource recovery system. Steel's unique magnetic property makes it possible.

If you would like to know more about "waste watching," write to: Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 150 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

Steel the recycled material

Tinplate Producers American Iron and Steel Institute



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MILSTAR Corporate Squares at The Chatterbox Restaurant in Jefferson Square office building and shopping center complex, Columbia, S. C.

Milliken revolutionizes restaurant carpeting with loose-laid MILSTAR Corporate Squares

MILSTAR is the totally new concept in commercial carpeting developed by Milliken Research. Now in 18" carpet tiles it supplies a combination of innovations never before available for restaurants:

Longer Wear. Pile is fuse-bonded into vinyl plastisol, providing resilience and wear equal to or better than the finest tufted and woven constructions. Tuft lock is superior to any other cut pile construction.

Less Maintenance. Impermeable soil barrier back traps dirt on surface, contains spills in pile, makes cleaning easier.

Quick-Change Efficiency. MILSTAR Corporate Squares are dense-pile, snug-fitting, loose-laid tiles that need no adhesive. When spillage occurs soiled tiles can be replaced immediately by clean tiles on reserve. Results: Spilled food isn't tracked over carpet; maintenance cost is reduced; floor stays clean and attractive. Soiled tiles, easily cleaned, return to reserve.

This quick-change artistry is practiced successfully at The Jefferson Square Chatterbox Restaurant, shown above. Additional benefits: The carpet is anti-static, fade-resistant, with pile of 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber and 30% super lightfast nylon. In numerous solid and coordinated tweed colors, MILSTAR Corporate Squares offer limitless possibilities for dramatically patterned floors. For details, call or write Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business, LaGrange, G

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